THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1927

Correspondence

"Noo Yawk"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

70 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

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"peanut heaven" of the Opera House, where one can see little and that only with considerable discomfort, but where one cannot but be conscious of the real love of music of the audience.

Why talk of the "Bowery where anything might happen after dark" as if such sections as Limehouse and Mile End did not exist in London? Why make an insupportable statement that this is "a country where murderers are seldom punished," when in 1925 there were 147 convictions in New York State? Why speak of "Riverside Drive, the aristocratic residential street," or say that "there are no quiet residential streets"? Riverside Drive is a magnificent avenue, but no real New Yorker considers it "aristocratic," and there are many quiet residential streets both on East and West side.

The terrible congestion in the transportation systems is almost unavoidable, as Mr. McCulloch has pointed out, but he fails to give credit for the constant and constructive efforts now being made to improve this condition.

Mr. McCulloch has met with discourtesy in the United States. So have I, many times; but I have occasionally met in England a superciliousness and lack of helpfulness which to my mind are discourtesy in another form. Why must Mr. McCulloch assume that the courtesy which one does meet occasionally is "only from the teeth out"? I wonder if British people are ever aware of what an unfortunate impression they create by their, very often totally unconscious, air of complacency, superiority, and ignorance. They are, perhaps, more mannerly with a better distribution of "thank yous and pleases," but their critical attitude upon entering the States towards everything different from the British Isles is exceedingly discourteous and offensive. As a Briton, I am very proud of the courtesy and kindliness one usually finds from the highest to the lowest in England, but I have been mortified in the United States by the lack of real courtesy and the intolerance displayed by English visitors.

Yours, etc.,

G. S. BARKER.

The Limitation of Armaments

League of Nations Union,
15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.
5th April, 1927.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—I have just read the letter in your REVIEW from Lord Sydenham and Sir Cyril S. Cobb, deputy president and chairman of the Navy League. There is one small error in their letter which I hope you will allow me space to correct.

Lord Sydenham and Sir Cyril Cobb say that some fifty of the

Trade Disputes and the Trade Unions Bill

By Sir Lynden Macassey, K.C.

THE Government's long-expected Bill to amend the law relating to trade disputes and trade unions has at last been presented to Parliament and has aroused, as was inevitable, keen controversy. It fails to satisfy a large section of the Conservative Party, who have strenuously urged a much more vigorous measure. It is attacked by the Labour Party, who unite with one consent to reprobate it as "class legislation," the epithet which they characteristically and consistently apply to any measure designed to protect the community against aggression by the trade unions or the Labour Party. As might be expected, it is condemned by the Liberal Party, the authors of the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, which paved the way for the General Strike, as wholly unnecessary legislation. That party will lose no opportunity to fish in the troubled waters for any party advantage they can snatch. While the Conservative Party, as a whole, will support the Government in pressing forward the Bill into law, the Labour Party may be relied upon to conduct a campaign of calumny against the Government and against the Bill, and the Liberal Party, with some notable exceptions, to support the fundamental principles of the Bill, while querulously objecting to their enactment in an Act of Parliament.

The Bill, as is now well known, deals with five main purposes.

First, to declare non-industrial strikes to be illegal.

Secondly, to prevent intimidation.

Thirdly, to deal with the political levy of trade unions by providing for "Contracting in" instead of "Contracting out."

Fourthly, to prohibit established Civil Servants from being members of trade unions or Labour Party organizations.

Fifthly, to prohibit local authorities from making membership, or, what in practice never occurs, non-membership of a trade union a condition of employment.

No one can suggest that, in the main, the principles of the Bill are not eminently justified, especially in view of recent experiences, by the necessity of safeguarding the community. What forcibly strikes anyone who has experience of industrial and labour conditions is not so much what is contained in the Bill as what it omits. The writer has for some years urged that the present legal position of the trade unions should be reviewed. It rests on no foundation of logic or equity, but is largely the result of political opportunism and bids for the Labour vote, before Labour became one of the two great political parties. If the by-play of circumstances has conferred upon the unions immunities and privileges which they maintain the right to use, and do use selfishly and aggressively against the rest of the community, there are at the same time some essential respects in which the legal position should be strengthened.

Collective bargaining between organized employers and organized workers in any industry is one of the primary conditions of industrial stability. Yet it is hardly realized by the general public that under the Trade Unions Act of 1871 an agreement fixing rates of wages and conditions of employment between an association of employers and an organization of workers is unenforceable at law as being an agreement between two trade unions. We have, therefore, in Great Britain this paradoxical position: the Government urges employers and employed to adjust their differences and come to an agreement, and, at the same time, the law says: "Whatever agreement you enter into, both of you please understand you may break it with impunity." It really passes comprehension why such a condition of things should be allowed to exist in one of the greatest industrialized nations of the world. Most foreign countries, some of whom are our keen industrial competitors, have long ago conferred contractual capacity upon trade unions, whether they are organizations of employers or organizations of workers. Not only has full capacity to contract been conceded, it has in general been

accompanied with full responsibility for breach of contract.

If stability in the industrial relationship is to be our aim, then this consideration immediately arises. Assuming that the trade unions representing the employers and the workers in an industry have made a mutual bargain as to wages and conditions of employment, what is to be the position of those employers and those workers who are outside the collective agreement? If it be that the agreement governs, say 75 per cent. of the workers of an industry, are the employers of the remaining 25 per cent. to be at liberty to pay a lower rate of wages to their unorganized workers than that provided for by the agreement, and so undersell, in the common market, the employers who are parties to the agreement? Are the workers included in the 25 per cent. to be allowed to "black-leg"? While abstract theories of liberty, conceived in the mid-Victorian, individualistic school of thought, say, "Yes," undoubtedly anyone prepared to temper his ethical conceptions by experience of present-day industry knows the question cannot be answered in any such unconditional affirmative. For years foreign industrial countries have been investigating and experimenting on this problem; but, strange to say, in this country, we have never attacked it, except by certain temporary efforts, which, on the whole, worked very well under the Munitions of War Act (1915), when it was in operation. These are a few of the considerations —and there are many more—which tend to indicate that the rights and responsibilities of the trade unions, which are anachronic survivals of legislative conceptions, evolved as they were in the early days of our industrial evolution, most urgently need revision to bring them into adjustment with present-day conditions. The point of my observations is that if the trade unions are shorn of privileges and immunities as the result and as part of a broadminded and impartial effort to recognize the importance of the national functions they discharge, and to fit them for the better discharge of those functions, the deprivation is constructive. No charge could be made with the least claim to credence that there was anything in the nature of an attack upon organized labour.

There has not been, so far as I know, any such investigation conducted by the Government. The question, therefore, arises whether the present Bill can be justified as the first and most pressing instalment of Trade Union Reform, leaving other matters, such as I have mentioned, for future consideration. In my view, so far as it goes, the Bill is a fair attempt to draw the line fairly and impartially between the rights of the community and the rights of organized labour. It is not an easy line to draw in practice, although there should be little controversy as to the principles which govern the drawing of it. Each individual is entitled to a free and unfettered exercise of his "Right to Work," although the legislature is entitled to say, as it has said, by the Factories and Workshops Act and the Trade Boards Act, etc., that, in the public interest, persons shall not be employed except under certain conditions. So far, however, if any person seeks to exercise his "Right to Work" in circumstances and under conditions which are legal, he is entitled to call upon the full power of the community to enable him to accept employment offered to him. At the same time, any worker has the right, by himself or in combination with other workmen, to refuse to work, provided it is not accompanied by any breach of contract, and this ethically he may exercise, subject to the condition that if he does not work he may starve. Correlative with the right of the individual to work, there is the right of organized labour to strike, again provided that no breach of contract is involved, and, possessed both by individuals and by organized labour, are two other rights, subject to certain constitutional restrictions: the right of "Free Speech" and of "Public Meeting." The Bill endeavours, with fairness to the individual, the community, and organized labour, to protect each and all of them in the exercise of these rights.

Coming, then, to its provisions, and first of all its declaration of what shall be deemed to be "illegal strikes," the object is clear and commendable, though the language used will require amendment. What it endeavours to do is to proscribe as "illegal" the type of strike which Mr. Sidney Webb has called the "non-economic strike," and the Trade Union Congress

euphemistically terms "direct action." It is all very well for the Labour Party to protest against any such legislation as unnecessary and an insult to labour. Embodied in the proceedings of the Trade Union Congress is the deliberate adoption of "direct action" as one of the weapons in the armoury of labour for use when thought convenient, or circumstances indicate a probability of success.

This fact, which can be proved by a perusal of the reports of the Trade Union Congress, will not, in the minds of most reasonable people, add much sincerity to the protestations of the Labour leaders. If the Congress were prepared officially to disavow and dissociate themselves from all future resort to the weapon of "direct action," it would add a little more weight to its criticisms of the Bill.

One weakness of the wording in Clause 1 of the Bill, which declares "non-economic" strikes to be illegal, is its failure to recognize that "direct action" can perfectly well be disguised in the form of an industrial dispute without any expressed or implied intention whatsoever to coerce the Government or intimidate the community, or any substantial portion of the community. I am aware this criticism is being met by the somewhat enthusiastic assertion that the Law Courts may be relied on to get to the substance of things and to draw the line between what is a "trade dispute" pure and simple and what is something more. Those who complacently content themselves with that assurance show, indeed, a very proper confidence in the law, but at the same time a remarkable ignorance of industry. On the law was cast during the war a not dissimilar but less onerous responsibility, the task of differentiating between sedition and genuine trade disputes. The difficulties proved insurmountable, with the result that the law was simply not administered.

There appears to be another difficulty inherent in the wording of Clause 1 of the Bill. A strike is declared an illegal strike if, in addition to having any object besides the furtherance of a "trade dispute," it is a strike calculated to intimidate the community. How exactly will its effect so calculated be appraised? Any large

and *bona fide* "trade dispute" strike affecting some of our great national services of public utility must have an effect which under some circumstances is calculated to intimidate the community. Under what principles of judicial discretion will the courts decide whether such strikes are or are not illegal? It places the courts in an equivocal position in which, in the public interest, they should not be placed.

There are further difficulties. As is well known, trade union organization in this country is, with the exception of railways, mining and transport, on the horizontal craft, and not on the vertical industrial basis. The members, for example, of the Amalgamated Engineering Union form their own horizontal stratification through the great bulk of our national industries. Suppose a national demand for higher wages is made by the A.E.U., which leads to a national strike of engineers in a number of industries: is a sympathetic strike by other workers in those industries a "legal" or an "illegal" strike? Apparently under the Bill it might be either. In a matter of such importance it is vital that the wording of the Bill should be crystal-clear.

The only way in which the practical working out of Clause 1 of the Bill can be tested is to take the twenty or so sets of circumstances, under which strikes do occur in actual industrial life, then apply the clause and see how it works out. I venture to think the results will show the clause requires considerable amendment.

Perhaps it may not be inopportune to suggest an alternative direction of achieving the end aimed at by Clause 1. It does no more than state what has for years been applied as the common law in the United States. But so many were the difficulties in applying it that a great national crusade was launched by the American Defence Society to prevent Communist propaganda and interference in the United States by the Communist International. In most of the States of the Union an Act has been passed creating the crime of "criminal syndicalism"—we need not pay too much attention to the terminology. It is—I heavily condense the verbiage—using, advocating, encouraging, or justifying the use of violence, force, coercion, or intimidation as a means

of accomplishing any political, industrial, or social reform. These Acts have been applied with the greatest success. There has been no restriction of the legitimate right to strike. They operate indiscriminately on a person or society which propagates the doctrine of force or coercion, be it Communism or Fascism, Labour leader or employer. There is, therefore, no appearance of class legislation. They are put into operation against the responsible persons, and not against individual workers. However much the latter course may appeal to the lawyer, it is simply hopeless in practice. That we learned in the war. You can at best proceed against a few selected delinquents, who, if punished, are immediately acclaimed as public heroes. Not a few reputations today in the Labour world are the adventitious fruits of quite deserved incarceration. Martyrdom, even in worthless causes, has always an appeal to the populace.

With the rest of the Bill there is not space, in this article, for me to deal. This only will I say with regard to Clause 3, which is intended to prevent intimidation. For long I have urged that the present state of the law in regard to so-called "picketing" is in a condition of hopeless confusion resulting from its historical evolution and the process of attempting from time to time to put new patches into utterly worn-out garments—a favourite pastime of legislatures. This was admirably illustrated by a letter in the *Times* on April 8 last by Mr. W. Smith Clark. Here, again, I think we may turn with some profit to the United States. It will be said, I know, that comparisons between that country and ours are useless, because of the small proportion there of the workers who are organized, as compared with the large majority with us. But because organized labour is more powerful here, that is surely no argument against endeavouring to arrive at a fair and just principle as between organized labour and the rest of the community. Such was the way in which the Supreme Court of the United States approached the problem. They had, according to the principles of the American Constitution and the American common law, to draw a line. That line had to be drawn with due regard to the right of the individual to work and the right of labour to strike and to the rights

whether of the individual or of labour to free speech and public meeting. Up till three years ago "picketing" was lawful according to decisions of the State Courts, in about one-half of the States of the Union. Now by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States "picketing" has been declared illegal in any form whatever, as being what its name implies, coercion—and also domiciliary visitations and "mass-crowds." The Court has stated that it is not prepared to hold it unlawful for strikers to place two men at each of the gates giving ingress or egress for the purpose of giving information only. In a matter such as picketing, where clear and explicit enactment is required, the language of Clause 3 of the Bill, with its cross-references to old Statutes, and its attempt to sew up tattered garments with new thread, seems thoroughly inappropriate if it is to be understood by the unlettered worker.

I do regard it as most unfortunate and a political calamity that the Bill has not applied precisely the same principles to "lock-outs" by employers as it has to strikes by workers. Exactly the same mistake was committed by the Government in the early days of the war by placing restrictions upon the freedom of labour and leaving employers free. It did more to prevent harmonious agreements being made between the Government and the trade unions than almost any other circumstance. It led to the Munitions of War Act of 1915 being termed an "employers' Act." Both Lord Curzon and Lord Milner expressed themselves forcibly about the lack of vision of the Government in 1914–15, and now precisely the same myopia seems to have afflicted the present Cabinet.

Economy and the Electorate

By A. A. B.

THE criticism of the Budget was perfunctory and partisan. Mr. Churchill playfully described the application of the McKenna duties to foreign motor tyres as a reason for the continued existence of the Liberal Party. Mr. Lloyd George pretended to fear that the appropriation of the Road Fund Reserve would drive the owners of motor lorries back to the horse. It is a great pity that so clever a parliamentarian and clear-headed a financier as Mr. Snowden does not realize that invective to be telling must be courteous and three-parts true. Mr. Snowden has in the course of this and previous debates called Mr. Churchill a reckless gambler, a fraudulent bankrupt, a conjuror, an unscrupulous *poseur*, etc. Mr. Churchill can and does laugh at this kind of attack, as in truth does everybody else. If Mr. Snowden wishes to be effective, he should study as his model Pope's satire on Addison under the name of Atticus, and he should ponder on the truth of Young's couplet:

> As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
> Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

When Disraeli wished to ridicule Sir Robert Peel's classical quotations as hackneyed, he said: "They are the better appreciated by this House because most of them have already received the meed of parliamentary approbation." That kind of rapier-thrust is mortal. Mr. Snowden's assaults produce the effect of a bladder tied to the end of a stick.

The Budget is obnoxious to two lines of criticism, each of them serious enough. It is a purely temporary measure of finance, a once-for-all expedient, whose horizon is April, 1928. It is obvious that there will not again be a Road Fund Reserve to annex or borrow, and that never again will the Chancellor of the Exchequer be able to include in one year's accounts a year and a-half's land and property tax. Indeed, Mr. Churchill in his speech replying to the debate told the House of Commons plainly that if by a continuance of trouble in China, or a renewal of strikes at home, his estimate of revenue was upset, he would be obliged to add 2d. or 3d. to the income tax.

And that leads to the second and deeper criticism of the Chancellor's speeches. They contained no promise or even hint of any real reduction of expenditure. On the contrary, Mr. Churchill said, honestly and courageously, that it was ridiculous and hypocritical to talk about economy unless Parliament was prepared to reduce the money spent on social reform, i.e. the grants to local authorities in aid of education, health, building, poor law relief, and the money paid out of the Treasury for old age and widows' pensions, and into the unemployment fund. This is the root of the matter. After paying the interest on the debt of all kinds, the Civil Service charges, viz. the judiciary and the great departments, and the supply service, i.e. Army, Navy, and Air Force, there remains a sum of 260 millions which goes in social reform. Of this sum about 70 millions are spent in unemployment relief, commonly called the dole. Let us be fair. There is covenanted unemployment benefit, where the man has contributed his fourpence, and is, therefore, entitled to his ninepence. And there is uncovenanted benefit, where for one reason or another the man or woman has not contributed anything, and this, properly speaking, is the dole, which has done so much to demoralize labour in Britain. Education, primary and secondary, now costs the nation the stupendous sum of 70 millions a year, of which the State (taxpayers) pays 44 millions, and the local authorities (ratepayers) the balance. It is the automatic growth of this expenditure that is so alarming. In 1919, when the teachers' remuneration came up for revision, and the Burnham award was adopted, the salaries amounted to 16 millions: to-day they are 44 millions. Yet the education estimates are annually passed by the House of Commons after being explained by the Minister of Education. The widows' pensions, which now cost 7 millions, will, we are told, ultimately involve us in an annual expenditure of 28 millions. What "bread and games" were to the Roman rabble, social reform is to the British democracy.

What is the use of twaddling about economy, and abolishing minor Ministries with a saving of a few thousands or even millions a year, unless you have the courage to make a deep cut in the 260 millions spent on social reform? It is true that the money is spent under the

compulsion of the law. But the legislature which passes Acts can repeal them. I am not advocating the repudiation of statutory contracts. But uncovenanted unemployment benefit ought to be abolished, at any rate for unmarried persons under twenty-five; grants to local authorities can be reduced; the education grants should be cut down; building subsidies discontinued; and the poor law strictly administered by officers who are not elected by those whom they relieve. Let the M.P.'s who write to *The Times* about economy or make speeches in the House of Commons about reducing expenditure, go into their constituencies and advocate one or all of the reductions which I have just specified, and they will discover, by their reception, or at the next election, that the majority of the electors, who pay no direct taxes, want to spend not less, but more, of the income taxpayers' money on benefits so-called for their own class, which, they refuse to perceive, are injuring the wealth of the nation as a whole.

The suppression of the Ministries of Transport, Mines, and Overseas Trade is a mere sop to the stunt press. The Department of Overseas Trade, for example, stands for about £326,000 in the Votes. It is a liaison between the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade, and discharges functions performed in pre-war times by both. It is concerned with the entire consular service abroad, as the commercial attachés and counsellors have been transferred from the Foreign Office. It manages all the interminable business connected with industrial exhibitions and fairs at home and in foreign countries—arrangements requiring much tact. It distributes all the commercial and market information formerly supplied by the publications of the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Labour. All this work is done under the vigilant eye of that polymath Minister, Mr. A. M. Samuel, assisted by a staff drawn partly from the Foreign Office and partly from the Board of Trade. You may dispense with Mr. A. M. Samuel, one of the few members of the Government who has a personal experience of commercial methods and whose equipment is so rare that he must be promoted. But the work now done by his clerks must continue to be done by them when they have been returned to their original departments. Their salaries must be continued to be paid, and

I much doubt whether anything will be saved by the abolition of the three ministries except the salaries of the three Ministers. I see no hope of a remission of our taxation and every chance of its increase so long as nine-tenths of the electors call the tune and one-tenth pay the band, and until the nine-tenths realize the economic fact that high taxation, together with high wages, results in high prices and a cruel struggle for life.

From the questions of national expenditure and taxation it is a logical transition to the electors, who, theoretically at least, order the extravagance that, unless checked, must ruin the country. Disraeli, whom our neo-Conservatives profess to imitate, always declared that the distribution of political power was a matter of expediency to be decided by the Government; that the franchise was not a right, but a privilege, a mark of confidence in a responsible citizen. From the first Reform Act of 1832 to the Act of 1918, a period of eighty-six years, there were three extensions of the franchise—in '32, '67, and '85. Each of these Acts was preceded by years of discussion, and was only carried through Parliament after serious and strenuous debate. The year 1918 was the most agonizing of the war, not only because all the combatants were at the last gasp of exhaustion, but because the Germans came nearest to victory in that spring. When five million Britons were under arms, and the rest were preoccupied with the keenest hopes and fears to which mankind is subject; under a Coalition Government formed for purposes of war, in a Parliament eight years old, its legal life having been prolonged by special legislation—in circumstances such as these a Franchise Act was passed which doubled the electorate by placing on the register eleven million voters, composed of men, women, and paupers in receipt of parish relief. Nobody had asked for an extension of the franchise, and there was practically no discussion of its clauses in the Press or in Parliament—we were all too busy with the war. The authors of the Bill were the late Mr. Walter Long, subsequently raised to the peerage, and the Speaker, Mr. J. W. Lowther, now Lord Ullswater, both regarded as pillars of the Conservative party. The results of this rash and wanton dilution of political power were soon apparent. The Hang-the-Kaiser election returned a House of Commons wholly subservient to Mr. Lloyd

George, whose Government was one of the most reckless and corrupt of modern times. Peerages were scattered right and left; the dole was established; and the Coalition ended with the shameful treaty which created the Irish Free State. The clause in the Lowther Act which abolished the disfranchisement of persons in receipt of parish relief has issued, as anybody might have foreseen, in an administration of the Poor Law so shamelessly dishonest in many places that it will be found necessary to abolish the guardians.

The break-up of the Coalition was followed by three general elections in three years; and though the Conservatives obtained a large majority at the last one, owing to the folly of the Labour Party in not coming to terms with Mr. Asquith, he would be a bold man who would deny the probability of a period of political instability. Such have been, such must always be, the results of large and thoughtless changes in the distribution of the franchise. With regard to the enfranchisement of women, which the Lowther Act conceded without any authority from the existing constituency, it is true that there has been no evidence of sex antagonism, or separation of voting interests between males and females, and perhaps there never will be. Let us hope so, although we have yet to see what feminine organization, of which there are ominous signs already, may bring forth.

It is not the female vote that I object to so much as the cheapening and dilution of the right to however fractional a share in the government of the country. With the addition of eleven millions of both sexes to the constituencies one did think that at last finality had been reached in the matter of Parliamentary reform. But the Conservative Party, or perhaps I should say Mr. Baldwin, is not satisfied. By the Lowther Act the wives of electors were enfranchised, and spinsters of the age of thirty, who were qualified to vote at municipal elections by the occupation of a dwelling-house or premises of the annual value of £5, or for a university of which they were graduates. It appears that some five million unmarried girls exist, who are under thirty, and who are not qualified to vote at municipal elections. We are gravely told that this exclusion of girls is a serious political injustice! Therefore, as equality is the darling principle of the neo-Conservatives, all spinsters are to

vote on the same terms as men, i.e. six months' residence and twenty-one years of age. This, it will be observed, abolishes the present wise qualifications of age and house occupation for spinsters, and will add some five million girls between twenty-one and thirty to the register. The only reason given for this scandalous watering of the electorate is that Mr. Baldwin promised, somewhere on some day to somebody, to do it. Exactly the same reason was given for widows' pensions. What constitutional right has any Prime Minister to bind the nation by an election speech? Equality between the sexes? There is no such equality between the sexes, or for that matter between one human being and another. That the Conservative Party should rummage in the political wardrobe of the eighteenth century, and put on this ridiculous old motley of equality, shows how a party may be fooled by soft and semi-Socialist leadership. Of course, the Conservative ministers think the young women will vote for them: but is it not sheer guesswork? Spinsters under thirty may politically be divided into three classes: (*a*) Those who refuse to interest themselves in politics; (*b*) those who will vote as their fathers or brothers vote; (*c*) those who follow politics and have opinions of their own. Class A is, I should think, the largest, and Class C indubitably the smallest. A walk down the north side of Oxford Street on a fine afternoon would, I fancy, cure any observant person of a belief in the political qualification of the flapper. I deny that young men of the same age are as ignorant of politics. Lads hear politics talked by men in the workshop and factory, in debating clubs, on trams, trains, and buses. Women don't talk politics, but gossip, dress and household matters. Conceive the additional labour, or, to speak plainly, the new antics that will be forced on the candidate in courting the suffrage of his new constituents! Instead of manly applause his peroration will be accompanied by the powder-puff and the lipstick. The sun of popular representation will sink in a sea of ridicule. Is this a design to make democracy absurd? Or is it mere fear on the part of the Conservatives that if they don't, their opponents will force political privileges upon juveniles who have not asked for them, and will, with difficulty, be constrained to use them?

Asia in Revolt

By Durbin

THOUGH the movement had been gradually gathering force for perhaps half a century before 1918, it is this date, marking the conclusion of the War, which the future historian will probably fix as that heralding also the outbreak of the great Asiatic revolt against Western supremacy. But the European peoples have been so engrossed in vital and multitudinous problems nearer home, the cross-currents of Oriental politics have been so puzzling, and events in Asia have followed one another with such bewildering rapidity, that it is doubtful whether the full significance of the revolt, *and particularly of its amazing success*, have been adequately and generally realized. It may therefore serve a useful purpose to envisage very briefly this vast movement as a whole, to trace the course it has taken, and to indicate its causes and the reasons for its success.

It had been widely held that a European conflict would coincide with an Asiatic outbreak, and certainly the War would seem to have offered a unique opportunity for such a rising. On the one side were the Central European Powers, holding—to all intents and purposes—no territorial possessions in the Orient, and allied to an Oriental Empire whose ruler was the Khalifa of the Moslem World, while on the other stood just those Western nations who were the over-lords of the East, and against whom therefore the Asiatic movement was directly aimed. The expected outbreak, however, did not take place. During the latter stages of the War certain sections in India carried on anti-British intrigues and political propaganda, but otherwise the Oriental dominions of the Allies (among which we can include on racial and religious grounds those in North Africa) were not merely passively, but actively, loyal, and Asiatic and African troops fought side by side with English and French. The independent Asiatic Powers, too, either joined the Allies, as did the Far Eastern ones of China and Japan, or remained neutral, as did those of the Middle East—Persia and Afghanistan.

But if the revolt was delayed, it was none the less violent when finally it did break out, and none the less

successful; how successful can best be realized by a comparison between the situation in Asia at the conclusion of the War and as it is today.

At the beginning of 1919, Europe (as represented by the Allies) whether by actual government, spheres of influence, treaties of alliance with Eastern Powers, or operations of war, dominated the East to an extent she had never done before and certainly never will again. In the Far East Japan and China were her allies in a victorious contest, and while the former—as before—retained her complete independence, there were few signs that the latter had either the inclination or the strength to throw off that measure of Western "influence" under which she had been for many years. India might yet by reason of War legislation be said—in spite of the Minto-Morley Reforms—to be administered by a benevolent autocracy. Afghanistan was still under British suzerainty. Her Amir was paid a yearly subsidy by the Indian Treasury, he could receive no foreign representative at his court, and his foreign relations were controlled by the Indian Government. Persia was garrisoned by British troops and an Anglo-Persian treaty was in contemplation which, in return for a substantial loan, would place the affairs of that country under a staff of British advisers, civil and military. The "little countries" of Iraq, Syria and Palestine were under the military occupation of the Allies. Turkey as a Power had almost ceased to exist. She had definitely lost her Arabian Empire, was apparently to suffer territorial losses in her home-land of Anatolia, and seemed not unlikely to be ejected "bag and baggage" out of Europe. All North Africa from Cairo to Fez lay quiescent under direct European government.

What is the situation today, less than a decade later? Japan is in treaty with the Bolshevik. China is openly defiant of the Powers. India has been given a large measure of Home Rule. Afghanistan is as independent as France, and the present Amir receives no subsidy. The Anglo-Persian Treaty was never ratified by the Persian Government, and British troops have long since been withdrawn from Persian soil. Turkey retains Anatolia and Constantinople, is once more a

power to be reckoned with, like Japan has Russia as an ally, and politically is freer than ever from Western influence by the abolition of the capitulations under the Treaty of Lausanne. Egypt has a semi-independent Sovereign who keeps his own representatives at foreign courts. Finally in Morocco the Riffian rebellion has strained to the uttermost the resources of France and Spain before being quelled.

What have been the causes of this revolt and the reasons for its success?

The two main causes can be indicated very simply, though a detailed examination of them would be far beyond the scope of this article. The first is the dislike of foreign government. This antipathy to foreign rule needs little emphasis and is by no means peculiar to the East. It exists in the West today and in those areas where it is found raises some of the most difficult problems of European statesmanship. Stronger in some nationalities than others, it is a racial feeling common to all. Not infrequently the foreign administration is more efficient, and making for greater prosperity, than any indigenous government could be, but to this argument the "Nationalists" merely reply: "We prefer indifferent Home, to efficient Foreign, Rule."

Nationalism is undoubtedly stronger in the West, where it has roots in the past, than in the East, where it is a thing of yesterday, but in the latter it is reinforced by another and even deeper feeling. When a European people rises against foreign rule, or when the European nations wage internecine war, the clash is between forces certainly antagonistic but by no means wholly alien, since all Western nations are—in a sense—members of the same family. When, however, an Eastern people rises against a European administration—and even the "wars" of independent Eastern States with European governments are in reality rebellions against indirect Western supremacy—we have a revolt not only against something foreign, but against something entirely alien, a revolt of one civilization against another.

A striking example of this phenomenon, the deep-seated antagonism of the East against Western supremacy, is the Locarno Pact, hailed in Europe as a portent of

peace, but universally denounced in the Asiatic Press as an alliance of European nations to dominate the East.

This antagonism is, indeed, a fact noted by all competent observers of Asiatic affairs, however divergent may be their religious, political or social sympathies, the angle of vision from which they view the problem, or their suggestions for its solution.* It is impossible here to enter into any analysis of this feeling. We can only note that it exists; that it is composed partly of racial and partly of religious elements, the two most deeply embedded instincts in the human race; that it is the mainspring of the revolt; and pass on.

An obvious cause of the revolt is the War, a cause which has received much attention from writers on Asiatic affairs, and which therefore need not detain us long. Some, at any rate, of its repercussions on the East may have been exaggerated. It is doubtful whether, as has been stated, the Oriental was as profoundly shocked at the spectacle of this terrible struggle as has been asserted. He is far more accustomed than the European to vast calamities, whether the act of God or man, not seldom lives in an every-day atmosphere of "battle, murder, and sudden death," which Europe left behind her in the Dark Ages, and faces human suffering—his own included—with a fatalistic indifference far removed from the humanitarian sensitiveness of the Westerner. On the other hand, the material effects of the War, commercial and financial, and the political ferment which it aroused in Eastern minds epitomized by such phrases as "self-determination," "the rights of small nations," and the like, are beyond dispute.

A fourth cause lies in the position of Asiatics outside Asia; of Indians in South Africa or of the Japanese in the United States, for example. The Asiatic abroad claims to be treated on terms of political and social equality

* See "The Re-awakening of the Orient" and "The Egyptian Question," by Sir Valentine Chirol; "The Challenge of Asia," by Sir Stanley Rice; "Christianity and the Race Problem," by J. H. Oldham; "The Rising Tide of Colour," by Lothrop Stoddard, etc., etc. For the views of an older generation of writers see "Asiatic Studies," by Sir Alfred Lyall, and, above all, "Europe and Asia," by Meredith Townsend, probably the most brilliant and penetrating study of the relations of West and East ever written.

with the white races, and his claim is denied. The number of Asiatics directly affected is small, but the effect on Asiatic *amour propre* is considerable, and the controversy is not rendered any the less bitter because there is a considerable amount of right on both sides.

A fifth cause is the alleged "tyranny" of Western rule. A Western Power responsible for an Eastern people, whether by direct rule or under a mandate, must—whatever measure of self-government it chooses to delegate—in the last resort uphold that responsibility, as governments do all the world over, by force. The only other course is to abdicate. But Asiatics, naturally enough, do not see the matter in the same logical light, and so when conspiracies, riots, and rebellions are put down by the Western Power and the authors punished, a cry goes up against the cruelty and harshness of the Government. Eastern Governments, of course, suppress sedition in all its forms far more drastically than any Western Government would ever do,* but the Asiatic—like the European—bears from his fellows treatment which he will not tolerate from a foreigner.

A sixth cause is the "exploitation" of Eastern lands by the West. The so-called drain from India is a case in point. There is little basis nowadays for this accusation. All Eastern lands are more prosperous under Western than they would be under indigenous rule,† but much agitation is carried on in the Asiatic Press over any alleged financial injustice.

Such are among the main causes of the revolt, some of which again are also the reasons for its success; as, for instance, the sentiments of nationality, race, and religion which are the driving power behind the whole movement. Another reason which also lies in the psychological sphere is at once apparent if we take a brief review of the progress of the movement.

China, in addition to her civil wars, has carried on a

* Torture, though officially banned, is still fairly common in China; about a year ago the Amir of Afghanistan had stoned to death some members of an heretical sect, and the methods of the present Shah of Persia, or of Khemil Pasha, with recalcitrant tribesmen are severe in the extreme.

† Though this, as already pointed out, is no argument against those "Nationalists" who prefer to misgovern themselves.

vigorous campaign against Western rule in the Treaty Ports, and against Western influence, financial and political, elsewhere. Propaganda, boycotts, sabotage, riots, all have been used against the West. It is true that a few rioters have been shot, but what has been the attitude of the West? As formerly, ultimatums and the dispatch of expeditions? On the contrary, the calling of a "sympathetic" Tariff Conference, the remitting of the Boxer indemnity, and strong representations in influential quarters that China should be treated as an equal with full sovereign rights, including the abolition of extra-territorial privileges and the rendition of the foreign concessions.*

In India the revolt has proceeded on somewhat similar lines to those in China, but has been more virulent as aimed at the overthrowing of an actual Western Government, and not merely at the expulsion of foreigners and foreign influence. It has also a longer history behind it, though only its more recent manifestations need detain us here. The first decade of the present century was marked in India by an outbreak of violent anti-British agitation accompanied by political assassination—not only of English officials, but of Indians whose only crime lay in their loyalty to Government. In 1909 the Indian Councils Act was passed, giving a considerable extension of powers to the provincial and central legislature, and appointing Indians for the first time both to the Viceroy's Executive Council and to the India Council in London. In 1916, while the Empire was in the throes of war, a fresh political campaign was started in India. In 1917 the then Secretary of State for India promised "the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire." At the end of 1919 this promise was fulfilled by the passing of the Government of India Bill, creating representative assemblies for the whole of India.

At the beginning of 1919 the Amir of Afghanistan declared war on the Indian Government. In the ensuing hostilities Afghanistan was worsted, and the Amir com-

* See "Britain and China," Journal of the British Institute for International Affairs, November, 1925, and "Extraterritoriality in China," Journal of the Central Asian Society, vol. 13, 1926, part 1.

pelled to sue for an armistice. In the peace treaty which followed, however, the most important provision left Afghanistan "officially free and independent in its affairs, both internal and external."

In 1919 Iraq was still under a quasi-military occupation. In 1920 a widespread rebellion swept over the country. The insurrection was quelled, but a mandatory system was introduced which gave considerable powers of self-government to the Iraquis.

Turkey defeated the Greek forces, invading Anatolia, and the Treaty of Lausanne was substituted for that of Sèvres.

On the signing of the Armistice in November, 1918, the leaders of the Egyptian Nationalist Party demanded from the British Government the complete independence of Egypt—during the War under a protectorate—a demand which was refused. A virulent anti-British propaganda campaign ensued, which was met by the deportation of the Nationalist leaders to Malta. A general rising followed, accompanied by pillage and murder, and —when this had been repressed—a long period of passive resistance. The Milner Commission of Inquiry recommended the recognition of Egypt as an independent and sovereign state. The British Government of the day refused to act on this recommendation. Fresh disturbances occurred in Egypt, and the High Commissioner, himself a soldier, stated that without a considerable army the country could not be held down. The British people were certainly in no mood to provide such an army, and at the beginning of 1922 the British Government declared the protectorate to be terminated, and Egypt—with certain important reservations—to be an independent sovereign state.

In recent years we have seen formidable risings against the French in Syria and Morocco. The latter has been suppressed; the former state continues sporadically. From the proclamations which have been issued by the French Government there is little doubt that the rebellious peoples—particularly in Syria—will be granted more self-determination than before they rose in revolt.

What is the outstanding fact which emerges from this brief catalogue of events? In this widespread guerilla

warfare, stretching over two continents, with which the West is opposed, everywhere it has given ground. Conspirators are imprisoned, rioters are shot down, but on the morrow a fresh measure of Home Rule is decided on by the Western Government concerned. A war is "won," but the defeated Eastern state gains its independence. Rebellions are crushed, but the rebel countries achieve semi-independence. No suggestion of a *post hoc propter hoc* argument will cover so many and so varied instances, and the Oriental has not been slow to draw the inevitable inference. *Throughout the East there is now a firm conviction that the West will sooner or later always yield to force—of one kind or another.*

The strength which the revolt has borrowed from this conviction is incalculable. Deprived of the authority, wealth and organization which a government has at its command, a rebellion depends largely on the enthusiasm of its adherents, and one of the mainsprings of this enthusiasm is a belief in ultimate success. With this as an assured goal the rebel, whether or not his cause appears just to the outside world, is, indeed, thrice-armed.

It would, however, be not only cynical, but entirely mistaken, to assert that it was solely before the threat and consequences of force that the West has retreated. Another psychological phenomenon has worked strongly in favour of the East.

In his remarkable work, "Social Evolution," Mr. Benjamin Kidd, apropos of another revolt, the French Revolution, emphasizes the fact that it owed its success as much, if not more, to the sympathy which the ideas of the Revolution had gained amongst the upper classes, as to any inherent strength possessed by the rebels. "Any resistance was impossible; they (those classes) could not utilize their own strength. . . . The great body of humanitarian feeling which had been slowly accumulating so long had done its work; it had sapped the foundations of the old system."

Mutatis mutandis these words apply to the West in its dealings with the Asiatic revolt. All the advantages of warlike science are on the side of the West.* Battleships, submarines, big guns, aeroplanes, airships, poison gas,

* An exception must be made in the case of Japan.

tanks, are the inventions and the peculiar possessions of the West. Anyone a quarter of a century ago able to foresee the extraordinary development of these inventions would have unhesitatingly asserted that they would give the West a final and lasting supremacy over the East. Yet exactly the contrary is the case. The West —as we have seen—far from consolidating its supremacy is everywhere retreating. Why? The explanation is quite simple: it "cannot utilize its own strength." Many of the above inventions, aeroplanes, airships, and gas, for instance, are essentially weapons of ruthlessness, and lose half their value unless so employed. But the West is incapable of ruthlessness; the "great body of humanitarian feeling" existent in it precludes any display of this particular aid to government. Before British planes, for example, bomb recalcitrant tribes on the Indian frontier, or in Iraq, full warning is given in order that women and children may be removed which, of course, enables the tribesman to take precautionary measures for himself. Gas, certain types of which would be most effective in tribal warfare, is not used at all.

The powerful Socialist and Labour parties, too, in all Western countries are frankly on the side of the East, and almost all shades of political opinion are for various reasons opposed to force as a method of solving Oriental problems. A Western Government compelled to suppress conspiracies, riots and rebellions in its Oriental possessions or mandates can, therefore, count on firm support from no party, and on violent opposition from many powerful elements in Parliament, the Press, and the public at large. The West, in fact, is weakest just where it should be strongest—in the will to govern. Unessentials aside, there is one, and one only, firm basis for alien rule: the sincere belief of the alien in the moral justification of this rule. But the West is gradually losing this belief. Such tenets as "self-determination," "no country is good enough to govern another," "bad Home Rule is better than good foreign rule," and the like have made considerable inroads into Western self-confidence. The belief in the superiority of Western to Eastern civilization, amongst certain intellectual and influential circles, disillusioned by the War and the

alleged "bankruptcy of Western civilization," has given place to an impression that in some phases of life Europe can still learn from Asia. It is unnecessary here to analyse the foundations on which these various forms of "humanitarian" feelings rest, or to pass any judgment upon them. It is sufficient to note that they do exist, and—from the severely practical aspect of dealing with the Asiatic revolt—are a source of undoubted weakness to the West.

Allied to this spiritual, is a material, weakness. Exhausted by their terrible civil war the European nations can ill afford a further expenditure of blood and treasure on "small wars" in the Orient. Any such operations found unavoidable form an almost intolerable drain on the already depleted resources of the Western country involved, and are conducted in face of a rapidly rising unpopularity at home. The Western Government concerned is far from being in a position to impose what terms it pleases, and—as we have seen—is generally only too willing to terminate the struggle by liberal concessions to the demands of the enemy.

Another important fact in favour of the East is the formidable strength which the "gunman," the tribesman armed with a modern rifle, still possesses against all the resources of a modern army—*given certain terrain.* In the desert, as on the frontiers of Iraq and Palestine, aeroplanes and armoured cars can dispose of Bedouin raids without much difficulty—as the Wahabis have found to their cost. But in mountainous regions it is very different, and here the tribesman can make a stubborn, costly, and prolonged resistance to the best equipped of Western forces. The recent successfully concluded British operations in Waziristan, and the French operations in Syria and Morocco, are cases in point. In the last-named area, according to the estimates of competent observers published in the Press, Abdul Karim's forces never exceeded 25,000, while the two European Powers opposed to him put more than 200,000 men into the field.

There is one more important reason for the success of the revolt—Bolshevism. It is an exaggeration, and shows not a little misunderstanding of the whole of the problem of the Orient, to take the view—as is sometimes done—that Bolshevism is the main cause of Asiatic

unrest. As we have seen, this unrest existed long before Bolshevism was ever thought of, and in considering the several causes of the Asiatic revolt, and the reasons for its success, we have not hitherto had to touch on this factor. If the Russian revolution had never taken place, and the Tsar reigned today in " Petrograd," the revolt would still have taken place. The Bolshevist, taking a wide view of his activities, does not create discontent, he increases it. He does not light the fire, he pours oil on the flames. But even with these qualifications Bolshevist influence on the Asiatic revolt is naturally immense. Deprived of help from Moscow in propaganda, money, arms, and organization, the revolt would be robbed of much of its strength. The basic fact in the Bolshevist problem is that Russia, in common parlance, has " gone Asiatic." Politically the Bolshevists have failed in the West, and are turning their energies more and more to the East, while racially the Russian has certain Asiatic affinities. In many ways it would, as has been said, be more correct to regard Russia as the most Western of Eastern, rather than the most Eastern of Western, nations. It is not without significance that at either end of Asia two Oriental powers, Japan and Turkey, are in alliance with the Bolshevists, whatever may be the exact value of the actual treaties made.

Such, very briefly, is the Asiatic revolt, its causes and the reasons for its marked success up to date. And here we must leave it, though many questions clamour for reply. Will the revolt continue? If so, will it have the success it has had in the past? Then what will be the position of the West in the East a decade hence? Or is some peace treaty possible, a greater Locarno? Does the only choice lie between Western rule and unrest, and Eastern independence and anarchy, or (this is the crux of the problem), will the East before seizing her independence have learnt the art of self-government? And what forms will this self-government take? Those of democracy which the West is so busy endeavouring to teach her, or others more in accord with Eastern genius? But such questions, all-important as they are, lie far outside the scope of this article, and must be left for the future to answer.

The Dutch-Belgian Treaty

By "Diplomaticus"

THE first attempt of Holland and Belgium to adapt their future relations to the new conditions resulting from the War has been a failure, as the treaty concluded between the Netherlands Foreign Minister Van Karnebeek and his Belgian colleague Hymans on April 3, 1925, ratified by the legislative power in Belgium on July 29, 1926, and approved of by the Dutch Second Chamber of the States-General by fifty votes against forty-seven, was rejected by the Dutch First Chamber on March 24 of this year with thirty-three votes against seventeen.

Holland's keen interest in this treaty pending the decision has hardly been equalled in the parliamentary history of that country; whereas the daily Press of Belgium has not concealed the disappointment and discontent caused there by the rejection.

In order to understand contradictory appreciations in the two countries, it is necessary to be acquainted with the principal features of this treaty and its prologue.

In 1815 the Vienna Congress decided to unite the entities which had become historically independent, the Northern Netherlands and the Southern Netherlands, into one "Kingdom of the Netherlands." This decision soon proved to be wrong, for after fifteen years of continual difficulties, the Southern part revolted, and in 1839 a separation was officially achieved by the formation of the Netherlands and Belgium as existing today.

The new state of affairs was embodied in two treaties, both dating from 1839. To one of these Holland was no party, as it was made between Belgium and the Great Powers, who guaranteed Belgium's neutrality. It also stipulated *inter alia* that Antwerp could be a commercial port only. The other treaty was concluded between Holland and Belgium, and regulated those subjects which concerned the two kingdoms in particular as neighbouring countries.

The War had a direct influence on the first of these

two treaties, Belgium's neutrality, which it guaranteed, having been violated.

Since the War, Belgium's neutrality has not been guaranteed again, and, at her request, the Allied Powers agreed not to reinstate the condition that Antwerp could only be a commercial port. Holland looked on these modifications of the pre-war conditions from the point of view of an outsider, for they only touched the relations between Belgium and the Powers, as set out in the Treaty of 1839, to which Holland was no party.

The fact, however, that in the second treaty (between Holland and Belgium) Belgium's guaranteed neutrality as well as the exclusively commercial character of the port of Antwerp were mentioned—though naturally not *agreed upon*—entailed the consequence that with respect to these points the Dutch-Belgian Treaty of April 19, 1839, no longer corresponded with the actual situation, and a modification might be considered desirable.

Belgium, indeed, proposed a modification in 1919, claiming at the same time extension of her territory at the expense of Holland, notwithstanding Article VI of the Treaty of 1839—at that time in force—according to which Belgium and Holland reciprocally and for ever abandoned all claims on each other's territory. These claims were rejected by the Powers as being contrary to justice, and the ground admitted for the expediency of reviewing the treaty was confined to the desirability of adapting it to new conditions, although it was evident that both parties would seize the opportunity to consider whether some of its other provisions might not be amended likewise.

The negotiations between Belgium and Holland were started in 1919, but owing to the attitude adopted by Belgium with regard to the Wielingen question they remained fruitless.

The Wielingen is the southern passage by which the Scheldt reaches the sea; since olden times Holland has had the sovereignty over it, and it is the most important and the best of the outlets of the Dutch Scheldt. However, the three miles' limit covers the part of the Wielingen which stretches along the Belgian coast, and on this account Belgium claimed recognition of the Wielingen

as Belgian territorial water. Whether or not this claim was compatible with the decision of the Powers, according to which cession of Dutch territory could not be considered, the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs refused to recognize it.

On the other hand, as Belgium was not disposed to abandon her claim to the Wielingen, the negotiators finally decided, in March 1920, to leave this question unsolved in the treaty under discussion, and agreed that each party should make a statement, laying down its own point of view in the matter, quite apart from the treaty.

Belgium handed in her statement on April 9, 1920, Holland on May 3 following; and neither Belgium nor Holland brought forward arguments that were new or different from those previously advanced. Nevertheless, the Belgian Government declared through their delegation, on May 21, 1920, that a continuation of the negotiations was impossible as long as the difference concerning the Wielingen had not been solved by Holland yielding to the Belgian point of view, and the Belgian delegates also stated that they were not authorized to enter into any discussion with respect to this declaration. They withdrew and the negotiations thereupon ceased.

THE DUTCH–BELGIAN TREATY

A proposal made by Holland in 1922 to submit the Wielingen question to arbitration, or to refer it to the International Court of Justice, was rejected by Belgium.

The negotiations were not taken up again until the spring of 1924, Belgium having agreed to leave the Wielingen question this time entirely out of the range of subjects to be discussed. The recently rejected treaty, signed by the Dutch and Belgian Ministers on April 3, 1925, was the outcome of these discussions.

This treaty aimed at a revision of that of April 19, 1839, which regulates Belgium's free navigation on the Scheldt, contains stipulations concerning the waterways between the Scheldt and the Rhine, connecting Antwerp and the latter river, and lays down Holland's obligation to co-operate in establishing a new fairway through the Dutch province of Limburg, by a canal or a railway at Belgium's option, between Belgium and the German border.

Holland fulfilled this last obligation in 1873 by helping to construct a railway, according to the option exercised by Belgium, and a canal, which connects Antwerp and the German town of Gladbach through Dutch Limburg. Belgium declared categorically in an official *procès verbal* of January 13, 1873, that Holland had completely and entirely fulfilled in this respect her obligation as provided for in the Treaty of 1839. Nevertheless, the proposed Treaty of April 3, 1925, contained the condition that Holland should co-operate in the construction, and bear a share of the cost, of a canal of huge dimensions which, running through Dutch Limburg and extending on German and Belgian territory, was to provide Antwerp with a direct connection with the Rhine in addition to the already existing communication by land.

As regards the waterways between the Scheldt—and therefore Antwerp—and the Rhine, the Treaty of 1839 is based on the waterways existing at that time, which connected those two rivers, and it imposes on Holland the duty to provide the Belgian navigation with other, equally safe, good and easy waterways, in the event of those mentioned in the treaty becoming impracticable as a result of artificial works or natural

causes. This did *not* occur, except that a railway-dam had to be thrown across one of the channels, in compensation for which Holland constructed a canal through Zuid-Beveland. She has recently built new locks in that canal, in the interest of Antwerp's connection with the Rhine, at a cost of several millions of guilders, and it may be said that these waterways have so far satisfactorily met all the reasonable requirements of the Antwerp-Rhine traffic.

Notwithstanding this, the Treaty of April 3, 1925, meant to impose on Holland the obligation to co-operate in the construction and share in the expense of an entirely new communication between Antwerp and the Rhine (the Antwerp-Moerdyk Canal). For this canal, three-quarters of which would have been on Dutch territory, as well as for the other canal above referred to (i.e. that through Dutch Limburg), dimensions were stipulated, which, being several times those of the canals leading to the Dutch ports, would allow of an enormous navigation at high speed.

That the Scheldt as a connection between Antwerp and the sea has fulfilled all requirements is shown by the prosperous condition of Antwerp as a port today. By accepting the Treaty of 1925, Holland would have allowed herself to be deprived of the control over that part of the Scheldt which is Dutch territorial water, and it would have handed over this control to a Dutch-Belgian Commission, in which each country would have had an equal number of votes, and a referee, in case no decision on any question could be reached, was to be appointed by the King of Denmark or the King of Spain.

It was chiefly against these three concessions, none of which is obligatory under the existing treaty, that an ever-increased opposition developed in Holland, accounted for partly by objections of an economic nature, and partly on sentimental grounds, the country's dignity being involved.

The economic objections have especial reference to the two canals. Neither of them is required in the interest of Holland, and both could only serve the purpose of giving Antwerp better access to the Rhine to the proportional detriment of Dutch ports.

The canal which through Dutch Limburg would give Antwerp the shortest possible connection by water with Ruhrort—a connection much shorter than the natural waterway from Rotterdam to Ruhrort—would not only tap the Rhine traffic to the detriment of the Dutch ports, but would also make the economic interests of Dutch Limburg lean towards Antwerp. It would, moreover, seriously affect the utility of the Meuse Canals, which the Netherland Government are at present constructing north of Maasbracht at a cost of forty million guilders. These latter canals are intended to facilitate the transportation of coal from the mines at Heerlen to Dutch harbours and to the northern provinces of the country. In 1910, when the question of the Antwerp-Ruhrort Canal was first broached, the Netherland Government did not object to its crossing Dutch territory, but made a condition that the Belgian Government should co-operate in the canalization of the Meuse, where this river forms the boundary between the two countries, i.e. between Maastricht and Maasbracht. Belgium, looking upon this canalization as an advantage for Dutch seaports, refused to co-operate, and the Netherland Government were compelled to construct the Juliana Canal between Maastricht and Maasbracht entirely on Dutch territory at a cost of thirty million guilders. In view of the attitude then adopted by Belgium, one should not now blame Holland for carefully weighing the consequences which would result to her own ports from the construction of a canal between Antwerp and Ruhrort.

The other canal, i.e that between Antwerp and Moerdyk, would also, by shortening the distance between Antwerp and the Rhine, threaten the position of Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Like the Ruhrort Canal, it would have been of practically unlimited dimensions, and its end would have been in the gigantic docks which Antwerp is now laying out. By the advantages which it would possess of shorter distance than the present connection and the swifter navigation which its greater width would permit, the proposed canal would have given Antwerp a predominant position with respect to the German hinterland.

That in this respect Antwerp is already Holland's

formidable rival, may be seen from the fact that in 1926 Antwerp's Rhine transport amounted to more than twice that of Amsterdam. Furthermore, Antwerp combines the characteristics of Amsterdam as a centre of general cargo traffic and a market of staple articles with those of Rotterdam, as the transit port for bulk goods like grain, coal, ore, etc. The new canals would greatly facilitate the diversion to Antwerp of the Rhine traffic, now divided between three ports, and would tend to establish its predominance as a market over its Dutch rivals.

The Dutch people ask what reasons there can be for sacrificing the natural advantage which Holland possesses in the situation of her ports by creating new artificial outlets to the Rhine in favour of the trade of Antwerp, since this port already flourishes on account of the natural advantages which it possesses and will retain at all times. For Antwerp has the invaluable advantage over Amsterdam and Rotterdam of being in possession of a hinterland that comprises the whole of Belgium and part of Southern Germany, Luxemburg, North and even East France, though the trade of the latter it shares with Dunkirk. The Dutch ports are the gates of a much more limited sphere, viz. the Rhine and Westphalian districts, where, moreover, the competition not only of Antwerp, but also of the great German ports is felt.

The competition which the Dutch ports have to meet is increased by official measures. Rhine craft is towed at the expense of the Belgian State on the route Dordrecht-Antwerp; railway rates between Belgian stations and stations in the German hinterland are continually reduced. The German railways quote exceptionally low rates for goods traffic to Hamburg and Bremen. France supports Antwerp by allowing exemption of the surtaxes *d'entrepôt et d'origine* on the transport of goods to Alsace-Lorraine, imported via the Belgian port.

The majority of the Dutch population considers that the national dignity would have been affected if the system of control of the Dutch Scheldt as laid down in the proposed treaty had been passed.

The Treaty of 1839 guarantees Belgium free navigation on the Scheldt and charges both countries with the

maintenance of navigability of that river, each on its own part thereof. Both countries are to exercise supervision without decisive or executive powers being conceded.

During nearly a century this provision has never led to difficulties in its practical application. Nevertheless, Belgium seized the opportunity offered by the revision of the Treaty of 1839 to ask *guarantees* for the Scheldt to remain navigable. And not only did the proposed Treaty of 1925 fulfil this uncalled for demand, but provisions were inserted which, even if Holland had failed in its duty of maintenance, would hardly have been warranted. The treaty now rejected proposed to create a Commission of *Control* of the Scheldt, in which Holland and Belgium would have had equal votes and in which, in the event of non-agreement, the question would be referred to an arbitrator, to be nominated by the King of Denmark and the King of Spain alternately. This Commission would have been authorized to take conclusive decisions on everything concerning the interests of the Scheldt navigation to and from Antwerp. All decisions of this Commission would practically have applied to Dutch territorial water only and would have been legally binding, even if contrary to Dutch law (as was specifically laid down in the projected treaty). Among the powers of the Commission the treaty mentions the framing of police regulations for the traffic on the Dutch Scheldt; also decisions respecting improvements of the Dutch portion of the Scheldt, even if such improvements should result in a change of the coastline or the cutting of dikes. In other words, the Commission would have been authorized to decide that, should in their opinion the interest of Antwerp have demanded it, cuttings might be made through Dutch territory, and portions of Dutch land could be turned into water.

The proposed treaty further stipulates that vessels to or from Antwerp should never have to submit to any examination on the Dutch Scheldt, for any reason whatsoever; it would thereby have become impossible for Holland to take police or other legal measures within her own frontiers or to keep a sufficient check on contraband trade.

These are only the main particulars of the Scheldt

regulations as laid down in the proposed Treaty of 1925, but they will suffice to make it clear why Holland looked upon it as a serious inroad in her sovereign rights over the Dutch Scheldt.

There are examples of regimes for other rivers in which more than one country are interested, or which flow through more than one state, resembling somewhat the proposed Scheldt-Regime as outlined above; but such regulations were in all cases, with hardly any exceptions, imposed in treaties of peace by victorious on vanquished nations and can therefore not serve as a basis for any new system on the Dutch Scheldt.

It is not clear why in regard to this matter the principles laid down by the Conference of Barcelona were not followed. This conference met in 1921, on the initiative of the League of Nations, to work out the principles contained in the paragraphs 332 to 337 of the Treaty of Versailles. The conclusions there arrived at also provide for arbitration when the interested states differ, but do not recognize the right of one state to exercise equal rights on the territory of another.

Why, it is asked, were not the International Court of Justice or the Court of Arbitration in The Hague selected as the deciding factor in cases of divergence, and why should the King of Denmark or the King of Spain appoint an arbitrator who, it is feared, is likely to underestimate the serious dangers which the cutting or removal of dikes in the Dutch Scheldt territory might involve for the land they protect? These dangers are especially great for the "polderland" in that district, and an outsider can know little about them.

Holland is willing to do whatever Antwerp's interest in the Scheldt reasonably demands, and has given evidence of this ever since 1839, but objects, as undignified, to the imposition of a system of foreign control on Dutch territorial waters.

There are other important objections to the proposed treaty, such as the stipulation that the pilot charges from the sea to Rotterdam shall never be less than those to Antwerp, although the distance from Antwerp to the sea is much greater than that from Rotterdam. Then, again, an unfavourable impression was made in Holland by Belgium when the question of Antwerp becoming a

naval port and the Scheldt being used by Belgian war vessels was raised. Belgium declared in an annexe to her proposals that the proposed treaty left this point open, but refused to give a binding assurance that such use for naval purposes would not be made of the Scheldt. This omission entails the risk that Holland may find it difficult in a future war to maintain her neutrality, and is the more to be regretted since Belgium by giving a definite assurance would only have done what, according to international law as understood today, she should do.

Finally, a grievance against the proposed treaty was that, whilst it would have bound Holland in several ways, important problems concerning the relations between Holland and Belgium were left unsolved. The Wielingen question and Belgium's attitude assumed in 1920 regarding it have already been mentioned. This attitude leaves no room for doubt that at some time Belgium will raise this unsettled question once more. In this connection it is worth noting that the Belgian "Comité de Politique Nationale," which was closely connected during and after the war with the Government, and may be so again, recently expressed itself as follows :

> Mais pour bien préciser sa position et réserver l'avenir, il croit devoir en toute loyauté, déclarer que, comme les auteurs du Traité eux-mêmes, il ne considérera jamais celui-ci que comme un accompte d'ordre économique, ne constituant nullement une rénonciation à des revendications nationales essentielles.

In accepting this treaty, Holland would not, therefore, have obtained a final and complete settlement, or assured a future peaceful ground for the development of her relations to Belgium. In the circumstances, it is not unnatural that Holland has not been willing to make the sacrifices of economic interests and national dignity which the acceptance of the treaty would have entailed.

Holland, although the rejection of the treaty has given a feeling of relief, remains as ready in the future as she has been in the past to examine and meet as far as possible all demands for the maintenance of Antwerp's position, and also to negotiate a treaty which does not leave disputed points in abeyance, has not a one-sided character, and is capable of becoming the political and economic basis for friendly relations between the two countries.

The Friendship of Britain and France

By The Marquis of Crewe, K.G.
(H.M. Ambassador to France)

DURING many centuries of our joint history this title would have sounded like a senseless paradox. To some minds in Britain France was, from time to time, a "sweet enemy," but to more, and more often, a figure of terror and tyranny. To the French the British remained a nation of singular islanders, living on the fringe of civilization, sometimes formidable, but rarely sympathetic. There was a frequent coming and going between the Courts of the two countries, from the distant days when Egbert the Saxon was the guest of Charles the Great; and throughout the ages when Royal marriages were arranged on dynastic considerations, a series of such alliances was made between British and French princes and princesses, including occupants of both thrones. Yet Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns of England, covering a period of 420 years, all fought against France, with one or two brief exceptions, while the same is true of four out of the five Tudors, and of three of the six Stuart sovereigns.

On the struggles of the later eighteenth century and the earlier nineteenth, there is no need to dwell. Meanwhile, famous writers from Chaucer and Barbour to David Hume, in the one country, and from Froissart and Ronsard to Voltaire in the other, went on studying the manners of their neighbours, and enjoyed the friendship of many of them. From time to time came a burst of literary admiration and imitation, or a wave of fashionable enthusiasm for the dress or the social customs of one or the other nation. But it was not until about a hundred years ago that a serious attempt was made to create a real understanding between us. The phrase *entente cordiale* had its birth some time in the 'thirties of the last century, and students of the early years of Queen Victoria's reign can follow the part that she and several of her Ministers played in developing it.

On the political side, its cooling off, not long before

the Revolution of 1848 in France, may have contributed quite unintentionally to the fall of King Louis Philippe, but it revived rather uneasily and capriciously during the twenty years of the Second Empire. The ill-considered Crimean War, with all its blunders and heroisms, gave a more vivid colour to the understanding; though the undoubted technical superiority of the French in the conduct of the campaign perhaps produced some jealousy here, until the notable feats during the Indian Mutiny helped to restore the prestige of the British Army for efficiency.

Of its gallantry no new proof was needed. For the rest of Queen Victoria's reign it cannot be pretended that much affection marked the relation between the two countries. One of the most eminent of my predecessors, Lord Lyons, earned an almost unique position of influence during his long sojourn at Paris; but not even he, and still less his successors, some brilliant, others quietly capable, were able to clear away the mists of suspicion which hung round the Foreign Offices and the Press of both countries, and insensibly affected many Englishmen and Frenchmèn in their personal relations.

This is not a political survey, so I do not dwell on the tension between the two countries arising from the Fashoda incident of 1898, and continuing during the progress of the Boer War. It was not until 1903, when King Edward visited Paris and President Loubet London, that the tide turned. M. Loubet still enjoys a venerated retirement. King Edward was taken from us seven years later, before old age, as we now regard it, had claimed him. It is pleasant for one who lives in France to note perpetually with what affectionate admiration the King's memory is kept green in the land to which he was so fondly attached.

Then followed the Anglo-French Agreements over Morocco, Siam, Newfoundland, and Egypt; and for this a tribute must be paid to M. Théophile Delcassé, whose recent loss was lamented in both countries, and to Lord Lansdowne, happily still with us, and still maintaining his affection for our neighbours to whom he is bound by hereditary ties.

The following decade witnessed no relapse from these

more agreeable conditions, and, though the two countries were not allied in a military sense, the gathering thunder-clouds on the Eastern frontier of France seemed to portend a storm which might deluge both, and insensibly brought them closer together. So it happened when the typhoon burst, and there is no need to dwell on the intimate union of the British and French fighting forces of all ranks during the terrific four years of the war. From the commanders of armies down to the humblest grades of the services, personal friendships sprang into being, conceived amid common dangers and hardships, inspired by equal devotion to a great cause, and animated by reciprocal admiration and respect. Many such friendships, I am glad to know, are kept alive to this day. Circumstances sometimes make it difficult to follow Dr. Johnson's good rule of keeping them in constant repair, and I wish that there could be more informal gatherings of old comrades-in-arms. I have heard more than one of the famous military leaders of France speak with friendly enthusiasm of M. André Maurois' brilliant sketch of "Colonel Bramble."

I regret that, on the other hand, it is questionable whether either the war itself, or the subsequent peace negotiations did anything to place the friendship between the civil populations of the two countries on a firmer basis, by encouraging their comprehension of each other's motives and acts. In France, where the death-roll was heaviest, where so many industrial and agricultural departments were laid waste, where whole towns were battered into ruins, and here and there villages were positively obliterated, it is not surprising that some asked if any sorrow was like their sorrow, and whether the Allies had borne an equal share of the burden.

In some quarters in France, though not in military or in well-informed political circles, there has been, and still is, a tendency to under-rate the British sacrifices, and to depreciate the part played by our Armies. The value of the Navy for ultimate victory was understood, but an island could not be a great Power without a powerful fleet, so that its supremacy, though useful, was a manifestation of highly enlightened selfishness. Then the comparative immunity of Great Britain from

direct attack was in itself invidious, and the wealth and credit of London were even more so. Supplies, even of indispensable munitions, were all very well, but money was made out of these by men who might have been in the trenches, and so on, and so on. . . . Much of this was unfair, and much was also natural. What is inexplicable, however, is the widespread belief among ignorant French people that there is a regular system of bribery of the Press and of individuals with British money. The origin of such a baseless invention is to me a complete mystery.

There has been corresponding injustice in some British opinion, founded on lack of imagination in those who cannot picture the destruction of the war, and how it affected the French nature. Nor has the desperate financial strain on the country been always realized. The smiling aspect of central and southern France, and the comparative prosperity of a limited number, have blinded some English critics to the privations suffered by the professional and pensioned classes, exceeding anything known by their congeners in Britain.

Again, the fact that some Frenchmen pay insufficient taxes has been made the foundation of an indiscriminate charge against all Frenchmen of an unreadiness to pay their just debts. Want of knowledge, and failure to realize existing facts, are the parents of these mutual misunderstandings, but the falseness of conventional verdicts and of old-fashioned prejudices is being gradually appreciated, I hope. English people who go often to France see that the French are a serious nation, less dependent on exciting pleasures than we are. They observe that the haunters of casinos and cabarets are mainly British, or other foreigners. They discover that family life is so securely entrenched in France that if any international movement were ever to threaten the institution of the family, no country in the world would offer stouter resistance against such an attack. They become aware of a deep-seated reserve in the French character, not repelling intimacy with other races so much as seeming ignorant of its possibility. They are soon convinced that France can no more be fairly charged with militarism than can Great Britain or the United

States. They are impressed, not only by the economy of French life, but by the singular absence of ostentation and the disregard for appearances which pervades all classes.

French people who know Britain come in for their surprises too. The traditional John Bull was rough and ready, not bad-hearted, but indifferent to the graces of life, and yet you will hear the French say how deeply they are impressed by the politeness of everybody when they come to England. It would ill become those who have enjoyed the charming hospitality and the continual consideration of French friends and acquaintances to engage in any comparison on such a point. Here, we certainly do not study the pleasant small attentions of life—the leaving of cards, the sending of congratulatory messages, the offering of flowers to those who are still alive; we show up a little better, perhaps, in the temper of an eager crowd, and in the behaviour of some of our lesser officials to the harmless inquirer. The late Sir Walter Raleigh was told by an American friend in France that it is the distinct mark of an Englishman to say "Keep the change"; the Frenchman, more wisely perhaps, reserves the change for the traditional woollen stocking.

It needs closer acquaintance, and more frequent contact, to lead us towards extreme kindness to each other's virtues, and blindness to each other's defects. Individual visits and tours are to be encouraged in every way. Nobody sets a better example in this respect than Lord Derby, whenever Lancashire can spare him. But, alas! we must realize how the present rate of exchange keeps Frenchmen and French women away from England. In France, especially outside Paris, a franc is more or less a franc, but here it has only the purchasing power of twopence, making it difficult to cross the Channel on business, and impossible to come for pleasure.

Societies such as The Anglo-French of Manchester, and the admirable France-Grande Bretagne Society in Paris, with its counterpart in London, play a valuable part in maintaining contact, giving information, and effecting personal introductions. Their activities cannot be too freely developed.

I pass lightly over the relations of friendship and esteem which may become strengthened in the course

of commercial dealings, because there are so many more competent than I to judge them; but I will touch on the intellectual and scholastic method of approach, applicable directly by education in either country, and by combination in antiquarian, historical and artistic studies. It is pleasant, for example, to see Balliol College busy in the neighbourhood of Bailleul, the beautiful town of French Flanders (almost knocked to pieces in 1918), working at the sites of the castles of the Balliol family, which gave Kings to Scotland, and founded the famous home of learning at Oxford. It is a good and much prized custom too, which now every year sends two French and British professors of the first rank for a short stay at one or other of the universities across the Channel.

In conclusion, I would say a word on the project which Lord Derby and I have much at heart—that of the foundation of a British Institute in Paris. The two-fold scheme includes a Hall of Residence at the Cité Universitaire, the beautiful site on the edge of Paris, where French students, and those of many other nations, of both sexes, working at the university, can find lodging in their several buildings, and enjoy a corporate life by messing together, by combined sports, and by friendly association at all times. For the other half of the scheme we have acquired an excellent building close to the Sorbonne, at which classes for private tuition of British and French students have been successfully carried on for a number of years.

We hope to enlarge these activities by providing a spacious general library for those of all ages engaged in pursuits concerning British literature, history, and all sciences, and to create an intellectual centre to which all can resort who are devoted to study and research in any of these fields. We have received encouraging support, so far, in collecting the considerable sum needed to realize the plan in full, and we hope that liberal help will be forthcoming from all those who appreciate its merits, not only from the educational standpoint, but as working towards a closer understanding between the two countries.

Such are some of the roads along which British and French may travel for the future side by side in amity and concert. Let us see to it that none of them are closed.

(By courtesy of the Anglo-French Society of Manchester.)

Humours of the Polling Booth

By John Gibbons

QUITE what it feels like to be the wife of a Conservative candidate in a constituency notoriously counted as one of the half-dozen most hopeless in the country, both circumstances and sex will for ever debar me from knowing, but the lady manages at least to look radiantly happy. Whether really she is overjoyed at the almost certain prospect of keeping her husband to herself, or whether she is merely maintaining a traditional polling-day pose, one may fairly doubt, even while in the latter case whole-heartedly admiring a courage that faces practically assured defeat as gallantly as any that ever carried an old-time aristocrat to the tumbrils. As a gesture, her almost queenly progress round the stations is magnificent. As an amateur effort of practical politics, I rather fancy it must have killed any little chance of a few wavering votes that her husband ever had. So at least I gather from the mutters of my two poll clerks. After all, those furs must have cost a small fortune, while at least one of us is rather shamefacedly producing a paper bag of buns as a cheap alternative to the school caretaker's official eighteenpenny lunch. What the proletariat outside thinks of the fine lady, the booing from behind the playground walls tells eloquently.

On the whole, the little incident comes as something of a relief to the general drabness of things. In a day that really broke in the small hours and even officially dawned well before seven under the bleak electrics of a chilly class-room, and that ever since has been only punctuated by short rushes of monotonous work, oases in a wilderness of hours of doing nothing at all, even the smallest incidents come as a welcome break. The episode, for instance, of the Russian family had seemed so outstanding as almost to call for an encore, yet it had been no more than the most obvious rejection of the claims of three aliens, none of whom was on the

register at all, and of whom one was apparently without a single word of English. They went, however, without trouble and with only a few remarks from the most anglicized on the hypocrisy of this "so-called free country." Much more delicate was the case of the lady who had a vote, but whose enthusiasm led her to attempt to constitute herself a sort of unofficial agent. Arriving soon after eight, she briskly recorded her own vote, and then announcing that she had an hour to spare for the good of the Party, proceeded to catechize me as to just who had or had not so far polled, with the laudable intention of whipping up the laggards. Since she was kind enough to identify myself entirely with her own views, obviously regarding the duties of a presiding officer as the feeblest camouflage for the real job of her party agent, it seemed a little ungallant to call upon the services of the statuesque constable by the door, and in the end I diplomatically got rid of her by pointing to the page in my book of official instructions specifically forbidding the wearing of party colours, and then to the enormous bows of red which bedecked every point of her person. The regulation was, of course, all nonsense, but as man and woman of the world, she and I knew that rules must, at least for the present, be outwardly obeyed. And as her principles forbade the removal of a single bow, in the end she removed herself. What a godsend she would have been to the other colour! But I do not think that My Lady with her furs and her graciousness was going the right way to get her.

In the old days, of course, it may have been true that "Manners Makyth Man," but from this angle of the polling booth, looking across a chaos of modern and singularly uncastle-like mean streets, one would rather judge that their total absence makes the successful candidate. At all events, the gentleman himself, fresh from his return from Russia, has just been round in a progress that could scarcely have been beaten by Royalty. Personally I fear that I must have committed a *faux pas* in not rising like the rest of my fellow officials, though quite why we should all have risen so respectfully is still by no means clear to me. Not a line in my official "Book of the Words" deals with any special form of

salute to Communist candidates. It is possible, however, that I may be prejudiced, living as I do miles outside the constituency and not being dependent, like most of my fellows, upon the good word of the officials of the Great Man. Let us hope that the incident may pass; at least I was favoured with no worse a scowl than the rest. His agent, too, fell into rather the same category of manners, barking out, as he did, the stock questions about hourly figures that the law entitles him to put, and staring at me rather with the air of a cross-examining counsel who hopes to catch out a fraudulent witness. Obviously, though, he was a man who knew his job to the last fraction, and meant to do it. The Conservative agent, on the other hand, came as a positive relief. A "perfect gentleman," as my little clerk put it—the ex-schoolmistress with an ailing husband, she who ate buns from a bag—he did no more than drop in genially, put it genially and generally to everyone present that everything was going as well as possible in this best of all worlds, and genially drop out with the air of a gentleman who had an important engagement to play golf in the filthy street just outside. No nonsense about exact figures from him.

What on earth he had got to be genial about remains a mystery between himself and his bank manager, but at least it can scarcely have been his candidate's poll. For one more hopeless can hardly be imagined. As a presiding officer—and I can take oath that in my fourteen hours' day every syllable of the law bearing upon elections was strictly observed—I have, of course, no cognizance at all as to the way the free and enlightened electorate is voting. As a human being, watching a more or less continuous stream of which perhaps ninety-nine out of the hundred begin proceedings by presenting a red card at me, I can hardly help making a guess! In my own hard-up middle-class constituency, I seem to remember that we look round for a moment, that, educated as we are, we sometimes ask a question, perhaps hesitate even before we make our mark, and so pass out with a joke on the weather to the friendly officers. Here, as an imported P.O., concerned only with the guineas to be got—it was the Reds, they say, that demanded the extra two

hours; more shillings for us!—things seem very different. Ninety-nine per cent. of my voters know exactly what to do and which way to turn. They might almost have been drilled into a long progress of voterdom, every man and woman left-turning to the booths with a sort of sullen silence that seems almost a threat, challenging me and the other white-collared "bourjois" to make a mistake at our peril. Beside me stands their official personation agent—My Lady's side have not troubled to send one—with almost the air of a sergeant-major ticking off names on parade. I may be all wrong. As far as I am officially concerned, the gentleman is strictly within his legal rights. But why an impersonation agent, when apparently every voter is going the same way?

As for any friendliness towards myself as an officer, it seems so far conspicuous by its total absence. Almost might one hazard, that because I wear a collar and speak with a voice that has not the local ring, I bear the signs of being an enemy of the people. So much I judged when, in a slack five minutes, I ventured for a glass of beer to the public-house outside the gates. I can see it again and again in the bearing of my voters. It was, I think, Theophilus who applied to me as an official "illiterate," but who demanded to take my record of his vote outside with him to submit to the experts at the playground gates. He had been warned, he said, that those inside would "twist him," if they could. We hard-ups, it seems, working our fourteen hours for so many shillings, have entered into some conspiracy to cheat an enlightened electorate. My friend the policeman even suggests that, when everything is over, it might be as well for the executive—the ex-schoolmistress, the out-of-work clerk, and myself—to make an unobtrusive exit through a back door of the place. I wear, one sees, a bowler hat, unfashionable in the district.

What little comic relief there is comes almost entirely from My Lady's side. The little old lady, for instance, miles from her own constituency and apparently touring London in a cab in a hopeless quest for a Conservative candidate of precisely her own views, had most distinctly not been drilled. As she explained to me in the most friendly way, she did not think much of "her own man,"

and was therefore driving round, as it were "in the brown," in the hunt for a really suitable candidate. The salute with which my policeman ushered her back into her cab should really have earned his promotion. There was, too, that other lady who had apparently lunched generously, possibly at my own public-house, who had, as she told me, been "dared" to vote for the anti-Red candidate, who had taken on the "dare," and who in consequence favoured me with a novel variety of step-dance, ending with the exclamation that she "voted for dear old ——." I lacked the heart to explain that so far she had not legally voted for anyone at all, and anyway my policeman, shocked into an initiative that waited for no orders from me, had her outside within the twinkling of an eye. Later in the day, she dropped in again, this time to present a proper red card, record her own proper vote, and attempt to vote for an absent spouse. Foiled in this, she fell upon me as an old and valued friend, and addressing me, to the intense gratification of my lady clerk, as "Young Man," ended up with a request for a loan of a shilling instead. This time it was her own impersonation agent who put her out. I trust that she underwent no very severe punishment for her breach of Party discipline.

As a real sergeant-major, I can hardly think that the agent could have found very much use for the majority of his flock. To my casual eyes, a large percentage of them must have been physically or mentally degenerate, to judge at least from some of the questions that were put to me. The gentleman who demanded his "vote," laboriously copied out on to it the entire letterpress given as a sample inside the polling booth, brought his results back for my inspection, and then, in spite at once of my protests and of the glares of his agent, insisted on dropping the paper into the sacred box, deserves a paragraph to himself. There was a something of triumph in his dropping, as of one who had successfully defeated the machinations of "them inside." But I trembled for the blood pressure of the agent. For the moment I feared that he was going to burst. In the holding up of the paper by the free and enlightened voter there was no official secrecy at all.

Ladies who came to "vote for Mother," were, of course, a commonplace, easily detected by a remark of stock gallantry that "I should never have thought you anything like that age, Miss"; but a severer trial was the case of the Mr. Smiths (let us say), senior and junior, of the same address. When a gentleman apparently aged 70 drops in and answers briskly to the name of Mr. John Smith, one naturally takes him for the senior. How were we to know that a little later another Mr. John Smith of about 90 was going to complicate the score? As they were both anti-Reds, there were no cards to help us with the numbers, for My Lady's side seemed less concerned with the matter of such details as cards and ticking off. And though the agent must have known them, he naturally was not going to help us.

Not that he had much to worry about in any case. It was no couple of votes here or there that made his score, but, as it turned out, a majority of several thousands. As I finished my official duties by sitting on my poll-box all sealed up and only awaiting the calling of the van to take it to the central station, I fancied that my policeman friend summed the day up rather neatly. Two hours we waited after the end of the poll, and as the constable gathered up the greasy cards with which we had regaled the time—to say nothing of one and ninepence of my hard-earned fees—he remarked, "All in a day. But what a game it is!"

It seemed to me that he may have spoken truer than he knew. But one fancies that My Lady's side might have played the game very differently. And perhaps more profitably.

Notes from Paris

The Entente Cordiale Again.—The rush of Easter visitors from England shows that high prices and a stabilized currency have not interfered seriously with the tourist traffic. It also shows that we, as a nation, have become somewhat more popular with the French than we were. Less than a year ago charabancs of harmless Anglo-Saxons were booed in the streets of Paris simply because they were Anglo-Saxons. The Frenchman hates anybody who has him at a disadvantage, and we, with our claim on France for war debt and our sterling currency emphasizing the depreciation of the franc, were in that awkward position. It was not our fault, but the French bore us a real grudge for being able to travel abroad when they could not afford to.

There were other things as well. A picture had been drawn for the French public of England as a sort of monstrous blood-sucking spider, weaving a web of intrigue all over the world by means of an army of secret agents. This was the legend of the "Intelligence Service," evoked by a worthless specimen of sensational bookstall literature entitled "*Les dessous de l'espionnage anglais.*" The conviction, almost immediately after its publication, of three British residents in Paris as spies on the French air service gave the book an enormous sale and an influence fatal to good feeling for Great Britain.

These impressions take some wiping out. They are gradually fading, and nothing has done more to efface them than the honour paid in London to the four courageous Frenchwomen who sheltered British soldiers during the war. "*Les Anglais ont du cœur tout de même*" expresses what the French think of that most happily contrived act of gratitude. It has made a world of difference to French feeling for Great Britain. M. Poincaré's restoration of French credit has done much to wipe out the other reproach which England had to bear, of being too rich. The Banque de France has shown it to be such a simple business to pay off £33,000,000 to the Bank of England that no one feels any longer that the franc is at a disadvantage beside the pound. French people went to London and Brighton for their Easter holidays, and British visitors to France can hardly fail to notice that they are no longer treated as purse-proud interlopers.

France and China.—The Chambers broke up

for their Easter holiday leaving the political horizon as clear as could be desired. The economic stringency is slowly abating, and the anxiety about the franc has quite died down. The month has seen events of greater importance in foreign than in home politics. Most important of all, France has gradually been compelled by force of circumstances to modify her Chinese policy and, provisionally at any rate, to make common cause with the other Powers. M. Briand's hand has been forced in this matter. That apostle of conciliation seems to have clung persistently to the idea that France could smile her way through the Chinese upheaval and remain on good terms with everybody. Even after two French missionaries had been murdered in the sack of Nanking, he informed the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber that all was for the best with France's interests in China, but the protests of the French merchants and bankers of Shanghai compelled him to lend an ear to the British invitation to join in a common *démarche* of the Powers. The discovery, among the papers seized in the Soviet Embassy at Peking, of evidence that a special committee existed for agitation against France settled the matter, and if any further proof was required of the risks which France was running, it was provided by a speech made at Canton by Comrade Doriot, the French Communist, in which he called upon the population of Annam to revolt against French rule.

Indo-China really furnishes the key to French policy at Shanghai and Peking. What happens in China is bound to have its echo in Annam and Tongking, which adjoins the Chinese province of Yunnan. If the foreigner were to be driven out of a Bolshevik China, France would soon be faced with a revolution in these colonies. Already a fair sprinkling of young Annamites go to study at the Communist college at Canton. The full meaning of these facts is gradually coming home to the French as Moscow's efforts to Bolshevize China are exposed.

The Action Française and the Pope. — A bitter struggle is being waged by the Church of Rome with the *Action Française* for the souls of the French Royalists. It is a struggle which is worth watching, for it concerns one of the most vital elements in the French nation. *La Ligue d'Action Française*, to give it its full title, dates roughly from the Dreyfus case. Since then, it has

collected into its ranks all the main forces of French Royalism. Its two leaders—M. Léon Daudet and M. Charles Maurras, who wield two of the most brilliant pens in France—have kept up in their daily newspaper (which also bears the title of *L'Action Française*) a trenchant criticism of the blunders of the Republic in war and peace, which has brought many recruits to its ranks, especially among the younger generation. The students of the University of Paris, who not so very long ago inclined to Socialism, are now largely Royalist.

What attracts youth particularly in the writers of *L'Action Française* is that they do not care one straw what they say. It is one of the most daring, and at the same time one of the most truthful, journals in Paris. Two years ago, when the Minister of the Interior, M. Schrameck, incurred the displeasure of M. Maurras, the latter wrote an article calling upon the members of the *Action Française* to execute him. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Pope found reason to censure the League for leading its members astray and encouraging them to place politics before religion. M. Maurras replied to the Pontifical rebuke by accusing the Pope of being a pro-German. The next thing that happened was that *L'Action Française* and all the works of M. Maurras were placed on the Index.

The effect of this proscription can only be imagined if it is remembered that the *élite* of the Royalists are, with few exceptions, Catholics. For years past the newspaper has been sold on Sundays outside the principal churches of Paris, and the faithful have felt that they were doing a good deed in buying it. The Royalists are now torn between their religious and political faiths. Some of them, who hold offices in diocesan institutions, have applied to M. Maurras for guidance as to how they can reconcile their religious duties with their political convictions. He has advised them to resign any employments they hold from the Church. Many have followed this advice, but the Bishops are refusing to accept their resignations and holding them to their duty to the Church. So the struggle goes on, causing agonies of conscience to many a good Catholic. It is a hard fight, for against the authority of the Church is pitted the influence of a man who has perhaps more hold than any other modern writer over the educated youth of France.

Socialist Songs

A Twenty Years' Anthology

By J. R. Raynes

SONG makes a peculiar appeal to the emotions, and many causes have been carried on the inspiration of song. The Roundhead fervour was largely attributable to singing; the American Northern Army was thrilled by "John Brown's Body"; the "Marsellaise" produced a frenzy of zeal in the French peasants; and the Corn Law rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott were as effective as Sir Robert Peel. A wide field of research into the historical effects of vocal music stretches away from Dante to the wave of "Tipperary." The character of a movement could be diagnosed fairly accurately from the character of its song.

Accepting a general principle without developing illustrations at too great length, I want to remind readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW that history and song are moving together in these post-war days, and to demonstrate that the songs which assisted Lenin and Trotsky in the Russian Revolution are being used sedulously in this country with a similar object. The modern example of this relation of national history to song upon which I would focus attention is the descent of the Socialist movement in precise relation to the descent of Socialist song. Twenty years ago there was published for the benefit of that movement "The Labour Church Hymn-Book," a volume of nearly two hundred more or less tuneful numbers, which had a most extensive sale. Its compilers, the officers of the Labour Church Union of that day, sought to give expression to the religious sentiment of the Labour movement, and that religious impulse was defined as "the realization of universal well-being by the establishment of Socialism—a commonwealth founded upon justice and love." It was a book of strange contrasts, of the mixture of ideal with material aims, but in the main the compilation was elevating. It borrowed liberally from the works of those who might be called the poets of democracy—Russell Lowell, Matthew Arnold, Robert Burns, William Morris, Edward Carpenter, Charles Kingsley, Ebenezer Elliott, Hartley Coleridge, J. G. Whittier, R. W. Emerson, P. B. Shelley, and others.

In several cases words and tunes were identical with those used in places of worship, and twenty years ago they were frequently used, accompanied by an address based on the Sermon on the Mount. Today they are seldom or never used, and a speaker would hardly be considered as worth his tram fares if he confined himself to the Sermon on the Mount. I have a recollection, a long-distant recollection, of an audience singing No. 166:

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Shining now our path about;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting thorns and chaff all out.

Other similar ones, like the song beginning "Kind words can never die," had almost gone from memory, but the first favourite in today's collection is that mournful dirge of Jim Connell's, "The Red Flag":

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead:
And e'er their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their heart's blood dyed its ev'ry fold.

Where all these and the other dreadful things recounted in those neurotic verses ever occurred I have not discovered, but I have found positive evidence that the red flag of Communism has inspired the slaughter of thousands of untried and probably unoffending persons who were not identified with the proletarian mob. Other favourites reveal a similar relish for the morbid expression of grief and oppression. Modern selections carefully preserve from Shelley and others verse as out of date as serfdom. In relation to work, to the daily round and common task, there is a complete change of outlook. Instead of "Work for the night is coming," and expression of joy in the skill of hand or brain, we get verse that induces a philosophy of fatalism in youth, so that at twenty he snarls at self-help and derides culture. "Nobody can teach me nothink about class-war," he says, and at thirty you will find him a hard-faced agitator or steward for the cause. Why seek efficiency when any kind of training makes him a more efficient wage-slave? Why allow the Workers' Educational Association to go on teaching subjects of general interest, which are only provided by the bourgeoisie to detract from the class-war? That is the doctrine, reduced in a textbook to

this expression: "The first and only thing that matters to your class is revolution," and reduced in the song-books to this:

Toil ye now no longer
For another's gain,
While our wives and children
Pine in want and pain;
Slaves we've been and cowards,
But the night is o'er,
Up, then, with the morning,
Weep and sigh no more.

I take another example of this derisive attitude towards work from "Proletarian Parodies," by A. B. Elsbury, published by the Proletarian Press:

You're a thousand to their one, so it must be just for fun,
That you let them take the best of all you make;
But the joke would be as good if you dropped into the mud
All the class who only know just how to take!

There are millions of machines, making engines, growing beans,
That should bring a full and easy life for all;
But the goods are made to sell, so the worker lives in hell,
It's the greatest joke that's happened since the Fall.

There are hymns for the Socialist "baptism" or dedication of infants; and "hymns" for the secular burial of members. I have observed well-dressed audiences, enjoying a standard of life and sense of security such as their forefathers never dreamed of, rise to sing with gusto:

Arise! ye starvelings from your slumbers,
Arise! ye criminals of want;
For reason in revolt now thunders,
Now ends at last the age of cant.

Thus, the opening of "The Internationale"; and to see an audience of workers who are assured of good rates when they work, unemployment benefit when there is no work; assured of medical attendance and maintenance when ill; compensation in case of accident, and a pension in old age, attempting to put sincerity into "Arise, ye starvelings," seems consummate cant.

The late Bruce Glasier left a number of class-war songs that I have heard more of recently. One of them opens:

Since all our institutions are
In danger at this momen

From notions which those Socialists
Their utmost do to foment;
Against all their vile principles,
Which truly most abhorred are,
Let every patriot invoke
The pow'r of law and order.

Another of Glasier's, sung to the tune "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," reads:

Oh, the world is overburdened
With the idle and the rich!
They bask up in the sunshine
While we plod in the ditch;
But zounds! we'll put some mettle
In their fingers and their thumbs,
When we turn things upside down, my lads,
And the revolution comes.

To further the popularity of this new note of defiance Glasier wrote another, to the tune of "Marching through Georgia," which proclaimed:

We are the mob, the working class, the proletariat,
Pinched and poor are we, while they, the knaves, are rich and fat.

Such songs definitely marked the intermediate stage of Socialist song, leading quickly to the abandonment of Victorian verse, unless it preserved an allusion to miseries which no longer exist. The new choice was for songs of a sharply militant tone. Tom Mann, a lifelong agitator in this country, in New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and in China, took advantage of his brief reign as general secretary of the Amalgamated Engineering Union to give prominence to "La Carmagnole," printed as follows:

O, what is it the people cry?
They ask for all men liberty,
The palace we will burn,
The prison overturn,
Give peace to lowly homes.
Vive le son, vive le son,
Give peace to lowly homes,
Vive le son du canon!

The intermediate stage had begun to yield place to a musical violence still quite symbolic of the movement after the Russian Revolution of 1917. That event provoked a wave of "Follow Russia" excitement, of which many of them hastily repented when they saw that the Soviet carried revolution to a murderously logical

conclusion, and executed even passive opponents without trial. But the excitement had created a wave of such force that of its own inertia it moved forward to the brink when those ahead would have cried a halt. The year 1920 saw the establishment of the British Communist Party, always actively conspiring to "force capitalism to relax its hold upon industry," to confiscate land and minerals, and to secure workers' control. At once there came into vogue "The Red Army March":

Comrades, the bugles are sounding!
Shoulder your arms for the fray!
Boldly we'll fight for our freedom,
Bravely we'll hew out a way.
Singing, we hasten to battle!
Speed! let us speed to the fight!
Soldiers of freedom, we're fearless
Of kings, in their shadowy might!

Then came the "Red Cavalry Song," for is not the British Communist Party the patron of the Seventh Russian Hussars? "Red riders eager for the fight." Agitation and song were alike descending, as George Meredith said that such agitation must descend "in ever-narrowing circles down to the ultimate mire." The Communist Movement, with its concomitants the Minority Movement, the Young Communists' League, the Proletarian Sunday School, the Young Comrades' League, and the National Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement—for all these are related and of one family—were evolving a set of songs whose utterances paled the earlier Socialist songs into mere food for babes. We have reached the miry stage, a mass of "songs for the proletariat," either infants or adults, of an illiterate, vulgar, and mean character, callous to all the nicer instincts of life. Several of them are parodies, mere deplorable travesties, of favourite hymns. Here is one: "Alleluia, I'm a Bum," set to the familiar hymn-tune, "Rejoice and be glad," and put out with the hope of Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., that these songs may be used "at branch meetings as well as at big public demonstrations":

Oh, why don't you work like other men do?
How the h——l can I when there's no work to do?
Alleluia, I'm a bum, Alleluia, bum again,
Alleluia, give us a hand out
To revive us again!

Here is one verse of a song in "Proletarian Parodies," sung to the familiar "Glory for me":

I don't like to see a boss running to fat,
Or a worker, through sweating, look starved as a rat;
We'll make the boss work till his figure is slim,
For what's good for us should be quite good for him!

Reverting for a moment to the collections sponsored by Mr. Lansbury, an I.W.W. song tells a story of Casey Jones, who, as a railway engineer, refused to strike:

Then someone put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the pearly gate,
He said, "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P. freight."
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians are on strike,
You can get a job blacklegging any time you like."

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing ev'rywhere.
The Angels' Union, number twenty-three, it sure was there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the golden stair.

CHORUS

Casey Jones went to h——l a-flying,
"Casey Jones," the devil said, "Oh, fine!"
Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur,
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line.

I have referred to the movements designed to capture children for Communism. The Proletarian Sunday School, launched in 1921, had its own song-book with the foreword:

"The Proletarian School has come into existence to supply the need of a revolutionary movement for the children of the working-class."

It is fairly claimed that its songs "breathe the spirit of revolution," for here is an example:

We, the rebel children, sing,
Perish every court and king!
We've a world to save and win,
In the revolution!

A companion to it in the same collection is "The Workers' Battle Song" for children:

The master class we scorn and fight,
Vile reptiles of all human right;
Their lackeys, gaffers, and their spies,
And all the "pilots of the skies."

At much greater length I might continue with quotations of song and "thesis" to illustrate a studied cultivation of the lowest tastes, the destruction of the fairy world of childhood, and the implanting of a bitter "materialist conception" of everything. But I am, in fact, rather anxious to leave than to develop that wretched phase of political kidnapping. Since 1926 it has taken a new turn, for the Young Comrades' League, catering for children from four to fourteen, carefully familiarizes them with such terms as "The Bureau," "The Presideum," "The Secretariat," "The Komintern," "The Agitprop," and "The Proletcult," in preparation for juvenile Communism at fourteen. It is only necessary, in conclusion, to emphasize the militant note of open challenge to society which is being sounded under the inspiration of Moscow. This is the "Song of the Red Army":

> Off with the crown of the tyrants of favour!
> Down in the dust with the prince and the peer!
> Strike off your chains, all ye brave sons of Labour,
> Wake all humanity, for victory is near!

The next one, like the last one quoted, is put out with Mr. Lansbury's blessing, "and Lansbury is an honourable man!":

> Come, workers, sing a rebel song,
> A song of love and hate:
> Of love unto the lowly,
> And of hatred to the great;
> The great who trod our fathers down,
> Who steal our children's bread,
> Whose hand of greed is stretched to rob
> The living and the dead!

Songs like these are being used to stimulate workers' defence corps in this country, to provoke direct action for political purposes, to spread disaffection in the Dominions, and to create violent upheaval in India. What is to be done with such a disease in the body politic? It calls for prompt operation, and dalliance involves the danger of far more grave consequences. There is no obscurity about their intentions. Should there be any hesitation about the reply?

Chinese Gordon's Prognostics

By Demetrius Boulger

CHINA, it is now clear to the world, stands as a nation on the threshold of a new birth, or, it may be, of dissolution. The British Government has made a gesture of sympathy with what is termed the National Movement, and it is rendered the more impressive by the fact that the promoters of that movement have hitherto revealed nothing but the most hostile sentiments towards Great Britain and what is termed "her Imperialistic policy." The success of this National Movement, however, does not depend on the sympathy or good intentions of any foreign State; it is wrapped up in the production of men of courage animated by a single patriotic purpose, and of leaders of ability to guide the movement in the right direction to attain success. If the Cantonese possess these elements of strength and stability, they may carry their barque of State safely into port; but if they do not, no outside influence will avail to compensate for their own defects and shortcomings. Moreover, even if they succeed, the new birth will be confined to a Cantonese kingdom, however large or small, and it must be thus accompanied by the dissolution of China as an Imperial unit, which, in plainer terms, signifies partition.

Forty-six years ago the internal condition of China excited the constant attention of General Gordon, than whom that country never had a stauncher or more consistent friend. That was the moment when speeding to China, after his resignation of the private secretaryship to the Viceroy of India, in the alleged guise of an emissary of war on the brink of a Russo-Chinese rupture, he proved himself a harbinger of peace, convincing the Grand Council that an honourable accommodation of the Kuldja question was the soundest policy. I wish to recall some of the more pertinent of his observations on the internal condition of China, which was at that moment to all appearance strong, contented, and united. Writing to me, he explained:

"To you I will remark that, if I were the Government, I would consider the part that should be taken when the inevitable fall of the Manchu dynasty takes place, what steps they would take, and how they would

act in the break-up, which, however, will only end in a fresh cohesion of China, for we, or any other Power, could never for long hold the country."

Of course, this appeal made no impression on Downing Street, and Government departments have so much to do in their own spheres that they cannot be blamed for neglecting to provide panaceas for the troubles of other people. But none the less it is true that when the crisis arose thirty years later in China, which culminated in the downfall of the Manchu dynasty, no one in authority had any proposal to make or plan to offer for the consolidation of some new central authority that might deserve the name of a stable Government. The Powers remained passive, trusting to chance for an improvement in a position they did not understand, and more concerned with watching one another than with closely following and trying to appreciate the moves and alternating fortunes of the numerous contestants who came forward from the ranks of the provincial governors. To General Gordon, at least, in 1880 the writing was plainly visible on the wall. Even when the cataclysm arrived in 1910–12, few, if any, perceived its dire import.

Let us turn to Gordon for further enlightenment. In a memorandum prepared for Li Hung Chang, he wrote:

"In spite of the opinion of some foreigners, it will be generally acknowledged that the Chinese are contented and happy, that the country is rich and prosperous, and that the people are *au fond* united in their sentiments and ardently desire to remain a nation. At constant intervals, however, the whole of the human hive is stirred by some dispute between the Peking Government and some foreign Power; the Chinese people, proud of their ancient prestige, applaud the high tone taken up by the Peking Government, crediting the Government with the power to support their strong words. This goes on for a time, when the Government gives in, and consequently vexation is felt by the people. The recurrence of these disputes, the inevitable surrender ultimately of the Peking Government, has the tendency of shaking the Chinese people's confidence in the Central Government. The Central Government appreciate the fact that little by little their prestige is being destroyed by their own actions among the Chinese people, each crisis

then becomes more accentuated or difficult to surmount as the Central Government know each concession is a nail in their coffin. The Central Government fear that the taking up of a spirited position by any pre-eminent Chinese would carry the Chinese people with him, and therefore the Central Government endeavour to keep up appearances and to skirt the precipice of war as near as they possibly can, while never intending to enter into war.

"The Central Government, residing in the extremity of the Middle Kingdom away from the great influences which are now working in China, can never alter one iota from what they were years ago; they are being steadily left behind by the people they govern. They know this, and endeavour to stem these influences in all ways in their power, hoping to keep the people backward and in ignorance, and to retard their progress to the same pace they themselves go, if it can be called a pace at all. It is therefore a maxim that 'no progress can be made by the Peking Government.' To them any progress, whether slow or quick, is synonymous to slow or quick extinction, for they will never move.

"The term 'Peking Government' is used advisedly, for if the Central Government were moved from Peking into some province where the pulsations and aspirations of the Chinese people could have their legitimate effect, then the Central Government and the Chinese people, having a unison of thought, would work together.

"From what has been said above it is maintained that so long as the Central Government of China isolates itself from the Chinese people by residing aloof at Peking, so long will the Chinese people have to remain passive under the humiliation which comes upon them through the non-progressive and self-destructive disposition of their Government. These humiliations will be the chronic state of the Chinese people until the Central Government moves from Peking and reunites itself to its subjects. No army, no purchases of ironclads will enable China to withstand a first-class Power so long as China keeps her queen-bee at the entrance of her hive. There is, however, the probability that a proud people like the Chinese may sicken at this continual eating of humble pie, that the Peking Government at some time, by skirting too closely the precipice of war may fall

over it, and then the sequence may be anarchy and rebellion throughout the Middle Kingdom which may last for years and cause endless misery."

Gordon, then, foresaw in 1880, not only "the inevitable fall of the Manchu dynasty," but also that its disappearance would be followed by "anarchy and rebellion throughout the Middle Kingdom which may last for years and cause endless misery." We have been the spectators of those lamentable scenes. They may be but the prelude of worse occurrences which must culminate in national disruption and the discomfiture and possible ruin of every one connected in any way with the trade or public concerns of China. General Gordon realized the perils of the situation. Fully appreciating the fact that the Manchu was an alien dynasty asserting the privileges of a conqueror, he recommended that it should nationalize itself from a new capital fixed in the centre of China. He proposed that it should be at Nanking, but he considered that any other city in the Yangtse valley would do equally well. His suggestions have not lost all their force because Peking is still the nominal capital of China, although its Tartar Court has gone. Here are some of them:

"It may be asked how can the present state of things be altered? How can China maintain the high position that the wealth, industry, and innate goodness of the Chinese people entitle her to have among the nations of the World? Some may say, by the revolt of this Chinaman or of that Chinaman. To me this seems most undesirable, for in the first place such action would not have the blessing of God, and in the second it would result in the country being plunged into civil war. The fair, upright, and open course for the Chinese people to take is to work through the Press and by petitions on the Central Government, and to request them to move from Peking and thus to bring themselves more into unison with the Chinese people, thereby saving the latter from the constant humiliations they have to put up with. This recommendation would need no secret societies, no rebellion, no treason; and if taken up and persevered in it must succeed."

Gordon was a great admirer of the civic virtues of the Chinese people, and a fervent believer in the future of their country as an independent State. The subject

provided a recurrent theme during his correspondence with myself. I take the following extract from one of his letters as the most suggestive:

"I wrote as a Chinaman for the Chinese. I recommended Chinese merchants to do away with middlemen and to have Government aid and encouragement to create houses or firms in London, to make their own cotton goods, etc. I see now and then signs that they are awake to the situation, and I like these people as much —well, say nearly as much—as I like my countrymen. There are a lot of people in China who would egg on revolts of A. and B. All this is wrong. China must *fara da se.* I painted this picture to the Chinese of 19—: 'Who are those people hanging about with jinrickshas?' 'The sons of the European merchants.' 'What are those ruins?' 'The Hongs of the European merchants,' and so on. People have asked me what I thought of the advance of China during the sixteen years I was absent. They looked superficially at the military power of China. I said they are unchanged. You come, I must go; but I go on to say that the stride China has made in commerce is immense, and commerce and wealth are the power of nations, not the troops. Like the Chinese, I have a great contempt for military prowess. It is ephemeral. I admire administrators, not Generals. A military red-button mandarin has to bow low to a blue-button civil mandarin, and rightly so to my mind."

In 1880 the pressing question of the hour was the possibility of war between Russia and China, and although Gordon held that China might hold her own at that moment against Russia in Central Asia, he was very conscious of the peril from an attack on Peking itself from Vladivostock. That was the argument he used in convincing the Grand Council that it would be "idiotic," his own word, to rush into a Russian war. It is recorded that he greatly disconcerted the Ministers by telling them that their army was much inferior to the Japanese, and that they would have no chance of success against a direct Russian attack on Peking. As a sequel to these discussions he wrote several letters to Sir J. Pope Hennessy, then Governor of Hong-Kong, on the subject of China's position. The point he raised was whether a weak or a strong China would contribute more to the

interests of Britain. This is the pertinent part of the text:

"Our Government will have to face the question of the armament of China ere long:

"1. Is it our policy to help China to reorganize her forces? I mean by help only *countenance* her in this direction; China would never accept full military control, nor would it be desirable for our Government to do more than countenance some form of reorganization. N.B.—A strong armed China would be certain to prove extremely independent towards every foreign nation.

"2. Supposing it is not the policy of our Government to countenance the organization of China's forces, can we be sure that she will not organize them in spite of us and will not the same result, an armed China, ensue? Again, could we afford to let Russia assume an ascendancy at Peking which would be the issue of Russian military successes in China?

"Were China not threatened by Russia, she had better be left weak. As she is threatened, it is better she were strong, even if we have to put up with her airs."

Forty-six years have made a great change in the cardinal point of Gordon's argument. In 1880, he explained that China had only reason to apprehend danger from two Powers at Peking, England by a naval attack, and Russia from the land side. At that moment Russia was the potential invader, and Gordon asked whether we could "let Russia assume an ascendancy at Peking" which would be the result of her military success. Since that time China has waged a dubious and costly war with France and a disastrous war with Japan, thus verifying Gordon's opinion about her military superiority, and then became involved in a still more costly and disastrous struggle with the Treaty Powers during what was known as the Boxer Rising. The last-named occurrence was followed by the Russo-Japanese War, which put an end to the aspirations of the Tsars to control China and dominate the Pacific. But in the place of the old Muscovite ambition to obtain ice-free ports in the Far East by force or fraud, a new and more sinister programme has been devised to make use of China as a means of attaining the Sovietic end of subverting the British Empire and, what is more, the British system of human polity based on honour and honesty throughout the world.

With this toxic end in view Russia has come to China in the guise of a friend. By the lavish expenditure of the funds derived from the stolen property of thousands of innocent victims, including the massacred members of the dynasty which had made Russia a single State, she has gained the co-operation of the people of that part of China which regards Canton as its centre. For the moment they are working under a revolutionary banner for the establishment of a Soviet system south of the Yangtse, and thanks to the lethargy of the Treaty Powers, they have achieved sufficient success to lead some persons to believe that the Cantonese have the capacity to establish a stable Government. But it is forgotten that such success as they may apparently have obtained is due not to their own merit, but to Red roubles and Red leading. They are the tools of an unscrupulous agency which has only one object in view, the subversion of the British Empire. Of the interests and welfare of the Chinese people they have no thought, and for that reason Russia is still the most subtle and designing enemy the Chinese could possibly encounter, only perhaps to be fully revealed when her dupes have served her turn.

Still, for the moment, Russia has acquired that ascendancy in a large part of China which in a different form Gordon deprecated in 1880. He was unable to conceive the possibility of our allowing it to take place. Yet we are faced today with a far greater peril than a Russian occupation of Peking would have signified under the old conditions. It is a peril at the gates of our most important trading ports. The progress of Hong-Kong has been checked, and perhaps compromised, by a ruthless boycott. The prosperity of Hankow, the great inland centre of trade, has been destroyed for the moment by a ruthless military despotism. The minor ports of Foochow, Amoy, and Ningpo have passed into the hands of the same faction, and Shanghai itself carries on its affairs and life under the shadow of constant menace. That we should have remained supine under such provocations, that we should have allowed a trivial danger at the beginning to develop into a formidable peril at the end, these were contingencies that Gordon, with all his foresight would not have conceived to be possible :

> Pray God! our greatness may not fail
> Through craven fears of being great!

Western Ireland Revisited

By J. O. P. Bland

ONE of the most vivid memories of my salad days as a student of Chinese at Peking in the eighties is that of a madcap Irishman (he became Governor of Hong-Kong), who used to enliven, and occasionally scandalize, festive gatherings by singing "The Wearing of the Green." He took particular delight in a somewhat ribald last verse, which began:

Ould Ireland was Ould Ireland,
When England was a pup,
And Ireland will be Ireland still,
When England's busted up.

In the course of a fortnight's holiday in the far west of "the most distressful counthry," I have more than once had cause to remember those lines and to reflect on the scientific accuracy of the statement contained in the last two; also on the remarkable persistence of the characteristics which chiefly distinguish the Irish race. To the devout Spencerian there is, of course, nothing new in the discovery that the type of a social structure is not changed by any rearrangement of its political formulæ or institutions; nevertheless, one finds oneself continually surprised by the striking evidences of this truth, which confront one in a day's journey, say, from Cork to the shores of Kerry. No one who keeps his eyes and ears open on that pleasant pilgrimage can doubt for a moment that Ould Ireland is Ould Ireland still and likely to remain so, Free States and Dail Eiranns notwithstanding. The frequency with which all sorts and conditions of Irishmen assure one, earnestly and in confidence, that "the Governmint is afther ruining the counthry" is natural enough as an expresssion of the race's invincible antagonism to constituted authority; but the persistence, indeed, the accentuation of certain other national characteristics I find less easy to accept as a matter of course. This is partly, I suppose, because of the many years that the locusts have eaten since last I was in these parts, and partly because we have all been assured, so often and so loudly, by those whom we pay to be wise, that the New Ireland of Sinn Fein's fashioning was going to be something so very different from the old—an Ireland from which political strife and economic distress would, *ipso facto*, disappear with British misrule. But gradually

moving amongst the old familiar faces in the old familiar places, whose very names are as soft music from the sources of Time, it is borne in upon one, more clearly than ever before, that the Irish, like the Cantonese, are an ever-rebellious, but not a revolutionary, race; also, that the causes of the country's chronic discontents and disabilities lie deep-rooted in the character of the people.

Walk through the unkempt, muddy streets of any market town between Cork and Valencia and observe the number of fully-licensed public-houses. At Killarney, Mallow, Caherciveen, and other places where I took the trouble to count them, they worked out at an average of something like one to every fifteen or twenty inhabitants. They tell you that drunkenness is far less common than it used to be in Southern Ireland—likely enough, with whiskey at fifteen shillings and porter at tenpence—nevertheless, drink is still writ large on the faces and in the habits of the townspeople and in the miserable hovels and ragged children of the peasantry. Two other characteristics of the race, namely, its cheerful indifference to the cumulative penalties of overbreeding, and its passionate love of the land, are writ just as plainly on the stone-walled fields that stretch, through bracken and furze, to the barren places of the hills—fields so pitifully small and soil so poor that one can hardly conceive any one of them to be worth the cost of a wall. Ireland's eternal problem arises yesterday, today, and tomorrow out of the thriftless procreativeness of a peasantry that scorns to take thought for the unborn; the rebel, the corner-boy, and the gunman are each in his way a manifestation of the fact that more hungry mouths are produced than the land can feed. Failing adequate outlets by emigration, the inevitable result must ever be poverty and unrest. But the hold of the Roman Catholic Church on the peasantry is still strong enough in most parts of the country to prevent any reference by prudent politicians to this aspect of the problem; the man in the street and his brother of the peat-fields continue, therefore, in the ways of their forefathers and blame the "Governmint," as of old, for the uncomfortable results.

It is curious to observe, when talking to the humbler citizens of the Free State—farmers, fishermen, or labourers—how obviously their feelings are divided between racial pride in Ireland as an independent political unit, and

personal regret for the changes which the "throuble" has wrought. The chief of these changes are the extinction of the "quality"—the free-handed, sport-loving, landed gentry—and the disappearance of the regiments which spent so much money and created so many "divarsions" in the country. They talk guardedly of the "throuble," these simple folk, for peaceable citizens have learned by bitter experience that it is best to leave politics alone; but it crops up, sooner or later, for all that, in every conversation, and one perceives in their minds a continual tendency to compare things as they are with those that were. Erin, as is her wont, wistfully remembers the days of old and, true to type, regrets not only them but the "proud invader."

The visible track of destruction left by the revolution and its aftermath of civil war, the disappearance of many old families whose names were household words throughout the land, the comparative scarcity of sportsmen and tourists, are factors which combine to create in one's mind from the outset a somewhat melancholy impression, a sense of new dignity purchased at the price of the old geniality. But this impression of melancholy is dispelled on reflection by a philosophic acceptance of the inevitability of things as they are, and by remembrance of the fact that at the best of times Erin has never impressed the stranger within her gates as a well-governed land of sober, thrifty citizens. The tear in her eye and her smile have always gone together. They are still there, and the Irish people are the same wayward, happy-go-lucky, lovable creatures that they have always been, throubles or no throubles. And when you come to look closely, despite its surface changes, the new dispensation bears a remarkable resemblance to that which it has replaced. "Out of the nominally free Government set up" (as Spencer puts it), "a new despotism has arisen, differing from the old by having a new shibboleth and new men to utter it." To give the new despotism its due, the new shibboleths strike one as very frequently superior to the old, for the simple reason that they have been devised and administered by natives for natives. The police, whose smart, soldier-like figures stand out in such sharp contrast against the drab squalor of a market-town crowd, are a very fair reproduction of the old R.I.C.; as, indeed, they well may be. The soldiers, in the new barracks built

to replace those destroyed in the "throuble," are manifestly blood-brothers of Private Mulvaney, somewhat limited in their outlook by a narrower range, and lacking the inspiration which their fathers drew, in happier days, from "raising the divil in couples," with Privates Learoyd and Ortheris. Between police and troops, however, law, order, and a wholesome respect for the rights of such property as remains are fairly satisfactorily maintained. The man in the street prides himself on this fact, even while he insists that the "Governmint is ruining the counthry," and complains that no one who has not served in the Free State Army has a chance of getting a job in the public service. From his point of view, an Irish Government which imposes taxes heavier than those of the old regime, and fails to provide soft jobs for all its supporters, is a severe disappointment to honest patriots. The fact that the country's grievances can no longer be ascribed to British stupidity probably makes it all the harder to bear.

The class of men who now hold Government jobs are distinguished, as a rule, by a quality of smartness which certainly suggests the sweet uses of military discipline; it is combined with a certain jauntiness which may, or may not, be due to the fact that the army in which they served was the one which came out on top. The most striking feature of the new bureaucracy, however, is its youth. This is particularly noticeable among railway and post office officials; but what they lack in experience they make up for by breezy assurance and a great gift of persuasive eloquence. Needless to say, both railways and post offices are conducted in accordance with the best free-and-easy Irish traditions, untrammelled by any foolish notions about adherence to time-tables or fussy regulations. Let me cite two instances out of many which remain in my store of pleasant memories. At a certain post office (which shall be nameless) the inside handle of the street door had been missing for some time, and a temporary handle, consisting of a piece of string, had been provided by some public benefactor. One morning when there were three or four of us at the counter, another customer, having been served, broke the string while trying to open the door. The youthful postmistress, bobbed and shingled after the manner of

the Sassenach, was busy counting out quite a respectable number of greasy bank notes to an old woman in a very dirty shawl. "Is it string ye want?" she replied to my timid inquiry, with a rapid glance at the door. "Bad cess to it, there's not a bit in the place"; and went on calmly with her counting. The porter from the local hotel, waiting to dispatch a telegram, turned to me with a friendly grin. "Ye'll be better getting out at the back," said he, and proceeded to show me the way. "Shure, they're always having throuble with that door" he explained. It is the sort of trouble that nobody takes seriously in Ireland, and I am willing to wager that that door-handle is still missing and the back way doing regular duty.

The second instance, very typical of the delightful *insouciance* which endears the Irish to all right-minded people (unless they are in a hurry) was that of a handsome young railway guard at Mallow. When asked at what time the excursion train was due to arrive at Killarney, he looked at me with an expression which might have been pained surprise, had it not been tempered by the twinkle in his eye; then, after weighing the matter dispassionately in his mind for a moment, he replied: "Well, the last wan did it in fifty minutes. But this feller's got a better engine, I daresay he'll do better nor that." Time can never be of the essence of contracts in the Free State—but the sporting instinct survives all revolutions.

Rulers change, frontiers disappear, political creeds and feuds wax, wane, and are forgotten, but certain things abide, unchanging and unchanged—the soul of a race whose roots lie deep in the soil and the lovely face of its native land. In these, an Irishman who revisits his country after many days may find respite for his regrets for many good and gracious things which "the throuble" has destroyed beyond recall. Moreover, he may console himself with the reflection that Dail Eirann can never destroy the Blarney Stone, nor take from the people their birthright of cheerful philosophy. Despite their thriftless poverty and intemperance, the squalor and superstitions that encompass them about on every side, the Irish peasantry will always preserve their keen sense of the humorous and ironic qualities of the human comedy, which in itself is no small blessing, as times go.

The Descent of the Holy Fire

By Norah Rowan Hamilton

I HAD been given a seat, from which to see the ceremony of the Descent of the Holy Fire, in one of the official "Boxes" in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but all the same I had been advised to be there in good time, for the approaches to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre become unpleasantly congested very early in the day.

All through the previous evening pilgrims from every part of the world, from every town and village in Palestine and Syria, from Arabia, Egypt, Abyssinia, Greece, and Russia had passed through the gates of Jerusalem on their way to what they believe to be the last earthly resting place of their Lord. Hundreds had slept in the church itself, in dim chapels, on narrow stone stairways, on ledges and ladders hung for their benefit on the wall. Hundreds more had crouched all night like animals in wooden boxes suspended to the sides of the church. A number of them had left their distant homes weeks before and had walked the many miles between their own country and the Blessed Sepulchre, gaunt, wild-eyed men and women, little children, old, white-haired men that had come, perhaps, on their last journey.

Every by-way round the church was thronged with them. The courtyard was one dense mass of surging, yelling, gesticulating humanity. Roofs, domes, all the innumerable outside staircases, galleries, chapels that intersect this strangest of churches were like a garden of living flowers. Every buttress and pinnacle was pierced by human figures bearing bundles of coloured candles.

Overhead was a clamour of bells, cut by the frenzied cries and harsh songs of these wild Oriental Christians. Somehow, most of us think of Christians as Europeans. In Jerusalem—rallying point of every sect and religion—we are forced to realize that thousands of our fellow believers speak no language known to us, and worship in strange, dead tongues that make Latin appear almost modern. Forgotten heresies live again in these subdivisions of Christianity. Strange and uncomprehended rituals pass before our eyes in shadow-filled chapels of the Holy City. Priests of every hue keep alive scarce-remembered controversies of the primitive Church, and

the very building itself, that is as the kernel of our faith, is "farmed out," as it were, to contending branches. Latins, Orthodox Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Maronites, Jacobites, Abyssinians, Nestorians, all believe they alone hold the one true faith, all jealously, even fiercely, guard their own particular spot, which symbolizes to them the visible sign of their faith. One sect may hang three lamps, another only two, before the tomb. Some have the right to candles, others hold exclusive sway over a remote chapel. And each one sees to it that his competitors do not infringe by a hair's breadth his own allotted space. Fighting, in which men have been killed, has taken place before the very tomb for a lesser reason, and a veritable time-sheet has to be drawn up so that a Latin service may not coincide with a Greek or Coptic one. Under Turkish rule these religious rivalries were exceedingly useful to the Powers in authority, for each sect was obliged to pay rent for its share of the Mother-Church, and it was because the Georgians could no longer pay rent that they lost the privilege of being represented near the tomb. The Abyssinian Church, once owner of a large slice of the building, has been forced to seek shelter in a minute chapel on the roof, driven, like some impoverished tenant, from the "best parlour-front" to the "third-floor-back." The rotunda, the circular part of the church surrounding the tomb, is shared by most of the represented sects. The Chorus Dominorum, leading out of the rotunda, is the Greek Orthodox cathedral. Fortunately, the Orthodox and Monophysite Christians keep their Easter later than the Latin Church, but for all that the police have an anxious time during the great festivals.

I watched them with interested attention, a spot of khaki, moving quietly here and there, so quiet, so calm, in that riot of colour. Their disciplined strength seemed to stand for the core of the faith we all profess, which is so strangely represented in the city of its birth, for the power underlying this strange, hectic, brutal form of Christianity. They had been on duty since dawn, and it was 9 a.m. when I arrived in the church. The ceremony would not be over till noon.

"What a ghastly day for you!" I said. "Don't you

hate . . . all this?" And I waved a hand over the frenzied, evil-smelling mob.

"Well . . . it isn't exactly a picnic, and it's pretty beastly when they begin knocking one another about. But . . . they're just children. One's got to look after them and see that they do each other as little harm as possible."

"Are they difficult?"

"Not really. If they trust you. You've got to be firm, but kind. Let them know that what you say you mean, and that they've jolly well got to do what you tell them, but don't bully or order them about for the fun of the thing. They soon realize you're working for their own good and not just for a whim of your own."

And they did. I could see that. One gesture of the raised, white hand, one crisp, firm order . . . and the nastiest fighting stopped.

As I sat in the sort of opera box above the crowd and looked down into the arena of seething faces, I honestly wondered how any of us would come out intact. The air was heavy and fetid. Faint blue mists rolled slowly upwards from silver incense-burners and mingled with the smoke of a thousand candles. The huge coloured balls which hang before altar and shrine struck a barbaric note in the general gloom of the rotunda. It seemed no longer a church, but some immense, profound pit, filled with a seething, yelling, frenzied mob.

A sea of eyes—wild, bloodshot—met mine. A pool of marvellous colours—kaftans of orange, green, and rose—flecked with dark faces grey with fatigue and exaltation. More colour up the walls, living colour, like flowers springing from crevices in the rock. And in the centre of all this bewildering kaleidoscope of people and things the Tomb—a huge, gilt, sarcophagus-looking chapel, its forest of golden pinnacles ablaze with lights, painted waxen tapers, and jewel-encrusted lamps. Within, I knew, were two low chambers, so small that only the priest who keeps watch and two worshippers can find room in them. And there, on the slab of marble that is supposed to cover the spot on which the dead Christ lay, is a tiny, flickering lamp, the "Light of the World." For whether, in actual fact, this be the precise, material spot

seems to me to matter little, since, in a sense far more fundamentally true and far-reaching than mere place exactitude, Sir John Mandeville's words are true: "What thou seest is the ground of all the faith of the world." And a sample of the world was, indeed, represented that day! Those words were written six hundred years ago, and no later traveller has been able to add or to take away one word from that statement.

Round this centre of Christianity perambulated the priests, long, swaying processions in gorgeous robes covered with jewels, and in strange, high-crowned hats. A continual chanting filled the air—sad, wild invocations, rhythmic pleadings, monotonous and austere as a Gregorian plain-chant, yet pulsating with some mysterious, passionate emotion. And through the rhythmic rise and fall of the chant came the harsh cries of the multitude, and the heavily accented measure of a song sung by a strange company of young men in stiff white robes.

Brandishing swords and coloured banners, they made their way round the church, the leader of them, called the "Sheik-el-Sebbab," swung on to the shoulders of two of his fellows, where he danced, dervish-like, on shoulders, breast, head, faster and faster, till, exhausted, he fell fainting into the crowd and another sprang to take his place. These young men are chosen out of the various Christian villages round Jerusalem to take part in this strange ritual dance. They had marched long distances, fasting, and their kohl-darkened eyes were wild with religious fervour, their bodies quivering with excitement. They ran the edge of their swords down their limbs, and once I saw the blood mix with the sweat and dust.

"Malek Georgi ya fasih," came the refrain, and then, like some fierce challenge, "Ya Naasr Din al Merib"—"Defender of the Faith of Christ the Lord."

All at once a terrific clang of bells broke over the waiting church. It was the signal announcing the Greek Patriarch's departure from the Palace. An answering shout from the waiting multitude, then a sudden, tense, almost terrible silence. The supreme "moment," for which all the feverish excitement had been but the prelude, was approaching. I looked down into the sea of dusky faces. Movement had become impossible, but

there was a perceptible swaying, as if a wind had passed over a cornfield. Then, in the distance, and coming steadily nearer, rose the sound of liturgical chanting. It was caught up in the courtyard; inside the church. It was here, at the great doors. The procession swept in from behind the Iconostatis of the Chorus Dominorum, the police forcing a lane through the crowd. With them were the "kavasses," their tall, silver sticks hitting the stone floor with rhythmic thuds.

The gold-fringed banners swayed heavily to and fro. The brilliant procession of priests and archimandrites, bishops and archbishops, and, finally, the Orthodox (Greek) Patriarch, an imposing figure in white and gold brocade and high, jewelled crown, swept three times round the tomb. Crushed under the weight of his marvellous, jewel-encrusted robes, holding in one hand his pastoral staff, in the other a cross of precious stones, this wonderful old man, tall, with snow-white hair and white beard, and a face like carved ivory, moved slowly through the frenzied crowd, surrounded by the priests swinging lighted thuribles. At the third perambulation he paused at the entrance of the tomb whilst two of the archimandrites took off his crown and robes. Then, in the presence of the Governor of Jerusalem and a posse of police, the seals of the tomb were broken, and the Patriarch entered the sepulchre in his straight, white tunic, leaving behind him—symbolic act—all the pomp of his robes and jewelled head-dress. The Armenian "vartarbad" followed him. A hush fell on the church. Lights were extinguished, and a tense, almost threatening silence followed.

Suddenly smoke and fire poured out of the two openings on either side of the tomb, and in a moment there was a desperate struggle to light the bundles of candles from the light that almost all present believed to have come down from heaven. Men and women fought with one another like wild animals, tearing at each other's clothing, passing the burning tapers over their naked limbs, crying, laughing, singing. The church had suddenly become a cauldron of smoke and fire, through which shadowy faces, and strange, writhing bodies showed confusedly. The air was suffocating, and heavy with the smell of burning wax and smoke. The fire mounted

higher and higher as bundles of candles were lowered and then swung upwards to the closely-packed galleries and boxes. The "runners" hacked a way for themselves through the sea of flames, each carrying a lighted torch, the one to distant Nazareth, where, in the Church of the Annunciation, the Holy Fire is preserved till the following Easter, and the other to Bethlehem. (I thought of the "Lampadephoria" of the ancient Greeks.) The Patriarch, followed by the "vartarbad," was carried through the crowd by his disciples, guarded by British police officers, to the Chorus Dominorum, where he was laid prostrate behind the Iconostasis.

Round the tomb in endless procession passed the Armenian, the Jacobite, Coptic, Nestorian, and Syrian priests in brilliant robes and fantastic head-gears, like a pageant out of some tale of the Arabian Nights. After them came the acolytes, shouting a medley of Eastern chants in the ancient tongue of the Pharaoh, of Abraham, and of Moses. Indians followed, from the small and very ancient church of Malabar. Africans from the Abyssinian and Egyptian churches. Monks from the desert places of Sinai, Georgia, and Mesopotamia. They poured out into the blazing sunshine of the courtyard, followed by an intoxicated multitude of people. And all took up the refrain: "Jesus is risen! The Christ is risen! Defend the faith of the Christ!"

. . . . . .

Late that evening I heard the tom-toms beating, and the strange whining of African pipes. We were sitting in a tiny hanging garden overlooking the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

I looked at my friend inquiringly. "It is the Easter Eve ceremony of the Abyssinian Church. It takes place on the roof of the chapel of St. Helena. None of the other sects take part in it, it is a bit of purely African Christianity. Shall we go, or are you tired?"

I was tired after the long, exciting morning that had lasted well into the afternoon and had been followed by a tea at Government House. But . . . well, I might never be in Jerusalem again.

And so we went down into the paved court of the

great church, and up the broken stairway to where, in the shadows of pinnacles and buttresses, within a curious tent-like erection, outlined figures of monks bowed before an altar ablaze with lights and covered with icons of black-faced saints.

Squatting on the ground were more monks, beating tom-toms and strange instruments, such as one sees on the walls of the tombs in Egypt, whilst black-faced priests walked in slow procession to the wailing of pipes, the Abbot coming last under an immense gold and purple umbrella.

There was something grotesque, yet rather terrible about this expression of the Christian faith. Something, too, rather beautiful in the simplicity and earnestness with which an ignorant and childlike people had clung to a faith handed down to them, so the legend ran, after the return of the Queen of Sheba from visiting King Solomon, and supplemented in the fourth century by a handful of Christian missionaries. Surrounded as they are in their distant home by pagan cults, and cut off almost entirely from their fellow-Christians, it is marvellous that they have succeeded in preserving their belief in such a true and pure form. They have their small round church just outside the walls of Jerusalem, and their chapel on the roof of the great Mother-Church, and from time to time deputations are sent from distant Abyssinia to Jerusalem, fountain-head and goal of their religious life.

Slowly, wearily, in the fading light, these dark-faced people swayed this way and that, looking for the body of their Lord, and crying out plaintively in the words of the Gospels, "For we know not where they have laid Him."

. . . . . .

Early the following morning I left Jerusalem. As I drove down the hill to the station, I heard the massed bells of the convents and churches and the tom-toms of the African priests.

Each were telling the world in their own way that "Christ the Lord is risen."

Worlds Without End

By G. H. Lepper, F.R.A.S.

RECENT research at the great American observatories is steadily enlarging our conceptions of the size of the visible cosmos. Not only is proof being accumulated that the galaxy of stars and nebulæ to which the solar system belongs is much larger and more populous than was thought possible only a few years ago, but it is also becoming more and more widely believed that this particular galaxy is only one of multitudes of "island universes" scattered in space, whether that be "finite but boundless," as Einstein suggests, or infinite as well as unbounded. (For elucidation of the difference between these ideas the reader must refer to one of the popular expositions of the relativity theory and its cosmic implications.)

Indeed the word "universe" has come to have an ambiguity of meaning, as it is no longer solely used as embracing the entire material contents of space. Of late the expression "island universe," originally coined by Sir William Herschel more than a century ago, has been so frequently applied to the spiral nebulæ and the larger globular star clusters that some more comprehensive term seems needed to embrace the conception formerly expressed adequately by the word "universe." Probably no better word than "cosmos" can be found to cover the wider meaning. For etymological reasons it would undoubtedly be preferable to use the word "galaxy" to describe the separate systems of stellar aggregations which have been described as "island universes," and to restrict "universe" to its comprehensive significance. But the use of the expressions "island universe" and "our own universe" by astronomers has become so general that it would be difficult to restore the former purity of meaning to the word, and, in the circumstances, it seems desirable that "cosmos" should be generally used.

Before indicating some of the conclusions as to scale reached by modern investigators, I will endeavour to give some idea of the methods employed in this line of research. For the sun and planets ordinary trigonometrical surveying methods, using the diameter of the earth as a base-line, give a satisfactory approximation

to the distances separating these bodies from the earth and enable their sizes to be calculated. By refinements of such methods it was found that the diameter of the orbit of Neptune, the outermost known planet of the solar system, is about 5,600,000,000 miles, a distance which is traversed by light, with a velocity of 300,000 kilometres a second, in about eight hours.

Beyond this point our terrestrial base-line breaks down. Fortunately a much larger base is furnished by the diameter of the earth's orbit round the sun. By measuring the displacement of the nearer stars against the background of much more distant and apparently undisplaced stars at intervals of six months we are able to utilize a base-line some 185,000,000 miles long. Yet even this immense measuring rod has only proved serviceable for a few hundred stars. The nearest has an angular displacement (parallax) of only three-quarters of a second of arc, corresponding roughly to one inch at a distance of four and a-half miles, and, delicate as are our modern instruments of precision, we cannot place much confidence in the accuracy of measures where the observed parallax is less than one-hundredth of a second of arc, for at that point we have reached the stage where the probable error equals or exceeds the measured angle. Even working to this limit, we are able to form a fair idea of the distances of less than 500 stars. The nearest (Proxima Centauri) proves to be not much less than ten thousand times as distant from the earth as the planet Neptune is, corresponding to a light distance of more than four years. The remoter stars showing traces of parallactic displacement are a hundred times as distant, their light taking between three and four centuries to reach us. After that our longest available base-line fails us, and we are forced to make use of indirect and totally different methods, in which it would be impossible to place much reliance unless it was found that they were in mutual agreement—a condition that does exist to a surprising degree.

The method which has yielded the most remarkable extension of our power to form some idea of the extent of our own galaxy, and its distance relationships with other stellar aggregations, is based on a certain type of variable star whose light rises or falls in the course of a few days with wonderful regularity of period and

amplitude. These variable stars, known as Cepheids after δ Cephei, the type star of the class, form only one division of the great tribe whose light is regularly or irregularly variable—in one or two cases being several thousand times as bright at maximum as at minimum. The Cepheids have a smaller range of variation, usually not rising beyond a maximum fifteen times as brilliant as the minimum. The cause of Cepheid variation is still uncertain, but these stars are distinguished by a peculiar relationship between period and luminosity which enables their distances to be roughly calculated, however remote they may be. A check of the results given by this method by the results of trigonometrical and spectroscopic methods of deducing parallax with the nearer Cepheids has inspired confidence in the approximate accuracy of the first method, even when we are concerned with the most distant bodies that telescopic photography will reveal, that is to say, objects that have never been seen directly by the human eye, even when aided by our most powerful telescopes.

The direct trigonometrical method, as I have said, has yielded results only for a few hundred stars. As between five and six thousand are visible to the naked eye, without including the myriads of the Milky Way, which can only be resolved into its separate component points of light by very powerful telescopes, a reasonable inference, based solely on trigonometrical data, would place the more distant of the minute points of light composing the Milky Way at distances from the solar system that could only be measured in tens of thousands of light years. It is now thought that another nought must be added and that the extreme diameter of our own galaxy may be as much as 300,000 light years, that is to say, 75,000 times the distance separating the sun from his nearest stellar neighbour. The solar system appears to be somewhat ex-centrically situated in this galaxy. According to Professor Harlow Shapley, the present director of Harvard College Observatory, it is about 60,000 light years (one-fifth of the diameter) away from the central point of the galaxy and not quite in the same plane as the major axis of our stellar system. Yet it seems certain that the solar system must be relatively near the centre because, were it otherwise, it would be very difficult to account for the appearance of the Milky Way, which seems to encircle

us like a ring of light. Since Sir William Herschel's time our galaxy has been thought to resemble a thin disc or lens in shape, cleft on one side where the Milky Way is divided into two branching arms. The congregation of stars in the zone of the Milky Way and their paucity in other parts of the sky can be readily explained in this way, since, when we are looking at the Milky Way, we are looking in the directions towards which the galactic stars extend farthest from its centre. It is just like being in the middle of a lens-shaped aggregation of more or less evenly distributed midges. To one looking in the directions of the greatest extension of the swarm these would obscure anything beyond them from view, but to one looking upwards or downwards through the thinnest portions it would be possible to see external objects through the gaps between the individual insects. Were our galaxy spherical rather than lens-shaped, it is very unlikely that we should ever have obtained any evidence that other comparable but distinct stellar aggregations existed, extending to distances at which even the method of measuring by light years is in danger of becoming meaningless. But, in consequence of the much larger gaps between the stars outside the region of the Milky Way it is possible for our photographic telescopes to record in some detail objects of a type quite unlike the star clusters and gaseous nebulæ which are scattered about the plane of the Milky Way and its immediate neighbourhood. These objects—the spiral nebulæ—consist of whorls of stars and nebulous patches, probably resolvable into stars by more powerful optical means, in vast numbers, among which are some of the tell-tale Cepheid variables. One or two of the larger (and presumably nearer) of these spiral nebulæ are visible to the naked eye and in fair-sized telescopes are quite conspicuous objects. But most of them are so faint and small that only an exposure of several hours at the focus of the greatest telescopes will reveal their existence. Some hundreds of thousands are now known to exist, and only a very small proportion can be seen without the help of photography. Two or three of the nearest have, by means of their Cepheid inhabitants, been persuaded to whisper their approximate distance, which is not much short of a million light years, or more than five times as distant from the earth as the remotest member of our own galaxy,

taking the radius of the latter as 150,000 light years. That is to say, the light from them now reaching us started on its journey long before there was anything resembling a human being living on the earth. The faintest spirals visible on our photographs may well be a hundred times as distant, the light which records them on the negative having left the spiral in remote geological ages coeval with the very beginnings of life on this planet.

So far no external galaxy as large as our own has been discovered, but the very few which have yielded in some measure to our questioning are tens of thousands of light years in diameter and contain millions of stars. This line of research is so new, and the number of spirals within reach of even this sounding line so limited, that there is nothing surprising about the fact that those spirals about which we have discovered a few details seem to be constructed on a definitely smaller scale than our own galaxy. There may be others far larger than ours at many times the distance of the two or three whose distance and size are vaguely known. It is beginning to be suspected that, seen from these remote objects, our own system of stars, containing perhaps 2,000,000,000 luminous suns—single, double, multiple, isolated and in clusters, giants and dwarfs, many of them variable in brightness—and accompanied with bright and dark nebulous masses, would have very much the same appearance as that of the spiral nebulæ as seen from the earth.

We know now that at one end of the scale there are stars so vast that they would more than equal a sphere with a circumference greater than the orbit of Mars; that is to say, there are stars 400,000,000 miles in diameter, yet so tenuous that their density approaches much more closely to that of one of our vacuum tubes than to that of the air above Mount Everest. At the other end there are bodies much smaller than our own sun; one is now known with a density thousands of times that of platinum. The super-giant variable star S. Doradus is at times 600,000 times as bright as our sun. Galaxies, perhaps, differ as greatly in size as individual stars. Such are the puzzles and wonders of endless worlds undreamt of and now revealed to modern investigators on our one small planet.

Kassin

By Roy Meldrum

It is a far cry now to William Cussing, sea-dog long gone below; but I am reminded of a tale.

Whether it was due to rum or to an artistic temperament—he wore ear-rings—old William had an eye for what he called "a strapping wench." He had no mind for your fragile languisher. The woman he took as his Amanda was Amazonian, with bold eyes, bold figure, and bold complexion. There was nothing crepuscular in her attractions. She had lamp-black curls, lamp-black eyes, fringed with lamp-black lashes; terra-cotta cheeks, vermilion lips; a brow and neck of milky white; a crisp tongue, a straight nose, and a full pulse. She was buxom, but not by any means incapably fat. Did you not sigh, William, when in the very piety of liquor you breathed the name Effie Pierce, the girl who swam from the Tower to Wapping and rose out of the grim waters, like a water lily out of the pools of Heshbon, to carry a creel of flounders from Wapping to Billingsgate, and at evening knocked you down Wapping steps for being too familiar? Yes, William's belle had muscle. In temper she was thoroughly feline. When she was in the mind for it, she demanded caresses; when she was not, she was impervious, and if disturbed, unsheathed a claw.

But Kassin, the Vizier of Oranjeel, had not so clear a choice. His was a harder case, though—William and I (*Ego et Rex meus*) were patching a spritsail off the Abrollos—and this was the tale of it:

Kassin had displeased his lord, and knew as well as if he had cut his throat that his hours were numbered. When he was summoned to the palace, he washed and anointed himself and bade farewell to his fairest wife, a princess with the eyes of a gazelle, whom he had won by a timely slip of his dagger. "O Kassin, wiser than serpents," said Oranjeel, spitting out a mouthful of

crushed pearl, a sign of mournful omen, "thou hast displeased me; but as I love thy cunning, thy cunning shall yet save thee, for I am strangely tender-hearted. I give thee five laks. Go, and within a year buy me a wife that will please me till she burn with the sticks that burn me; so thou shalt live."

"If thou wouldst have my wife," said Kassin humbly, "I am thy servant."

"I would if I were deaf, O Kassin," said Oranjeel.

So Kassin set out for Bagdad, five days by sea and five by land; meditating by the way on the woman, who is all women. From the tenth day to the thirtieth he camped without the city walls, and all Bagdad knew why Kassin and his caravan stood in the plains. Messengers sped by land and sea, with a hue and cry after the queens of the earth, and many were the women, each fairer than the other, who were gathered to the market; princesses came in droves, as sheep to Kendal Fair. Twenty-five days after he came to Bagdad, Kassin had spent the five laks. By his cunning he had seen faces forbidden to the eye; he had outwitted the merchants in their bartering; but, alas! he had bought five wives, and was sore perplexed. No man, he cried in despair, knows one woman who is all women; for no man rises as he falls asleep, nor laughs with weeping. So with heavy heart, the bridal money spent, he started back; and day by day he planned within himself to discover which of the five women most pleased from morning to night. But, when he came to the sea, he was still perplexed; for one sang, one danced, one laughed most pleasingly, and some had charm in the morning, some at evening, but none always. Truly his head hung from his neck like a ripe fruit.

As the ship sailed out of the Persian Gulf, he at length despaired of a choice; he would cast lots, death already whitening his cheek. The lot fell to a houri named Zillah, no other of a surety than William's Effie Pierce, garnished with anklets and peeping through an izar. But no sooner had the lot fallen to her, than Kassin swore the dice were loaded; for she had grown pale and thin with jealousy; and the language used in that ship put a strain even on William's tongue. In the watches of the night, as the great ship-lanterns glowed like moons

in the still sea, the subtle Kassin must have shuddered at the Billingsgate let loose below deck. And one of these, Zillah Pierce, was to coo before the royal Oranjeel!

He was about to rend his costly garments, stricken by the folly of a man who wished for a thing beyond reason, when over the water a voice caught his ear, sweeter than the harps of angels. Afraid to alarm the unknown singer, he tiptoed astern to the tiller and pushed both it and the drowsy steersman hard to port. With a rattle among the shrouds, that woke the porpoises, the ship swung round to starboard. Kassin held his breath; but the voice swelled clearer and sweeter. The five princesses broke into a caterwaul below deck, but the voice was unperturbed. Kassin, now on the prow, believed that he heard in the voice the refrain of "Oranjeel, Oranjeel," and with his eyes saw a gleam, as of a distant palace by the sea-edge. Truly had Providence interceded for the Vizier. A trill of laughter, like pretty bells, made him rock with glee. But, as he still rocked, lo! with a crack of horror, the whole ship staggered. Kassin shot over the bowsprit; and, as he fell, saw one great lantern flying towards the sky. A gulf of water swallowed him, and he sank, with screams of terror hurting his ears. When he rose, the sea rippled mildly round him. Behind him came the knell of stifled murmurs; in front the dreamiest laughter in the world. Now at last he was swift to choose. With bold strokes he swam towards the laughter; and presently his foot caught the shingle, and a line of surf threw him face downward on the shore. He put out a hand to save himself; grasped a scaly tail; and heard a voice of offended maidenhood protesting against his rude caress. Opening his bewildered eyes, he found himself face to face with a mermaid; and Kassin, always a courtier and a gentleman, looked tactfully out to sea.

Many were the trials which Kassin underwent with the mermaid; first, she quite made up her mind that he was the great Oranjeel himself, and her obstinate love for him was an embarrassment, morning, noon, and night; for he had not forgotten the grasp of that sinuous tail, nor had he forgotten yet his wife with the eyes of a gazelle.

Then the fare was not to his taste. He had no stomach for live fish without curry, and salt sea-weeds. Then the mermaid would insist on combing his locks, and, as he had neither razor nor scissors, the combing became more painful day by day. And last she took a fancy to his gold-laced dress; and while she laughed, as in robing she tore his pantaloons with her tail, he sat on the shingle, in naked humiliation, a deep revenge taking birth in his heart, that his master might pay for this mockery. To this end he laid his plans. Day by day, naked or allowed his fez, he spoke in his best manner of the prodigious riches of his master, praised him as a god in stature, urged that he was pining for her silver voice; and, finally, hoping that even a mermaid had her curiosity, he vowed that Oranjeel swam faster than the shark, for he had ten fins and two tails.

The mermaid clapped her hands with glee.

"Done," said Kassin, "get me a boat, and I will take you to him."

The mermaid laughed at the next proud ship, which was heaving by for the Indies; and when out of the wreck a large jolly-boat came ashore, Kassin and the mermaid went out with it to the broken hulk; and while she dived and convulsed herself for a mirror, he lit upon some stores and a sail cloth. For two days he ate, and lay in a stupor for two more; and then they set sail, the mermaid racing with the porpoises alongside. Old William's horny eye exuded tenderness, as he spoke of the arm, pink as a prawn, gliding now above, now below the crystal waters. Effie Pierce was swimming again from the Tower to Wapping. Ah, Kassin, are not some women verily all women? So with favouring wind they cast anchor one night by an islet off the town of Bao, and on the hillside Kassin saw the lights of Oranjeel's palace, and the eyes of the gazelle. As he loved the one, so he hated the other; and while his left hand trembled with love, his right clutched for revenge. And beside this nascent tremor, he was shivering also the length of his spine; for the mermaid was up to her tricks again, sporting in his clothes. Meantime she had begun to sing, and she meant to continue to sing, until the double-tailed king was churning the water at her side. Kassin could scarce

bring her to listen to his plans. She still hummed meltingly, as in grave words, for the last time, he dwelt on the king's magnificence.

"I will send him from the quay," said he, "in a boat with oars of pearl."

"Won't he swim?" asked the mermaid, with a touch of chagrin.

"He is too proud to swim where the sea runs less than fifty fathoms," said Kassin in his mellowest tones.

The mermaid crooned to herself again.

"And now may I have my humble dress?" begged Kassin.

"Oh, no, I shall keep it," said the mermaid, with a tender smile, as she perched on the gun'le, the red fez set on her golden tresses. "I shall keep it to remember the man who led me to my long-lost Oranjeel."

Kassin sighed. He cut off a piece of the sail and strung it about him, and with the rest made at dusk for the land. The mermaid combed her locks on the islet, and he smiled cunningly, as he heard her voice across the bay.

When he reached the shore he crept as a thief to his own house, stole in by the tradesmen's entrance, put the fair gazelle eyes into a swoon, beat his other wives soundly as a remedy, and putting on fine linen, went boldly down to the palace. Sounds of high revelry smote his ears as he approached. Boldly he strode into the feast, and all turned in silence to look on him.

"O mightiest of the mighty," said he, "O thou with blood of the ruby and bone of the teak, I am come with joyful tidings this night. I have toiled a year to surprise thee with joy sweeter than honey. This night I have cast anchor in the bay, and the fairest daughter of Ispahan awaits thy pleasure."

"Then here's to the lady," said Oranjeel raising his goblet. "Tell her to come in."

"So be it, my lord," said Kassin, and bowed. "Hark! O king," said he, and as William lifted his hand, I looked across the waters and heard the mermaid sing, as when her voice was wafted through the palace windows. "Who hears that voice?" roared Oranjeel. The courtiers stared deafly at the ceiling.

"It is well," said Oranjeel, "I will make the first man who hears that voice eat his own degraded ears. Where the devil does the ship lie, thou slave of Paradise?"

"Half a mile S.S.W. of the Bao light," said Kassin. Then summoning his master mariner, the king commanded that he should fill ten men's ears with clay; and, Kassin still bowing, smiled as the king flung past him towards the quay.

One by one the courtiers stole by secret paths to the quay, and saw the king with the ten men bending to their oars before him. They watched in secret through the night, until the oars and the voice died over the waters, and they lurked in the watch-towers as the sun rose, but the sea was empty. So Oranjeel went out to the woman who should please him till he died. And Kassin reigned in his stead, and the eyes of the gazelle turned black with joy, as did the eyes of Effie Pierce, when she clambered into the wherry off Wapping.

New Angora

By Marie de Perrot

YEARS ago, when visiting Palestine, I pushed on to Angora, which lies 180 miles from the sea in the centre of that Anatolia which the Greeks of old called "the land of the rising sun."

How different it looks today! A mixture of archaism and ultra-modernism, as Monsieur de Gerando of the *Journal de Genève* says, it presents the paradoxical sight of a town which has sprung up round a city which in some parts is more than 2,000 years old. It is built on a narrow, abrupt plinth of basalt which rises in the midst of a barren plateau ridged by arid hills, and is as old as the world. Before becoming the metropolis of the Galatian kingdom, it was the capital of a Hittite province. The Romans occupied it a century before Christ, and made of it the large, beautiful town which Augustus loved and adorned. Tamerlane resided here, and Bajazet languished in its prison. Under recent Moslem rule, Angora fell into the mediocrity of a straggling village in a sterile and depopulated region; at the birth of the Turkish Republic it only counted 30,000 inhabitants.

But like the prince who roused "the Sleeping Beauty," so to Angora came a leader of men, "the Ghazi." Mustapha Kemal gave life to this most Turkish of all towns, situated in the very centre of Asia Minor, defended from invasion by the sea by the unsurpassable glacis of its deserted plateau. He wished the Western civilization which Turkey should enjoy under his rule to be distributed from an essentially Turkish centre, independent of Constantinople's cosmopolitan and deleterious influence.

When you have reached the ancient citadel—in whose vaults Mubarek Bey, the learned director of the National Museum, recently found some coats of mail made of plush, garnished with iron plates, which undoubtedly belonged to Tamerlane's bodyguard—you look down on four parallel rows of small tumble-down, grey houses with earthen walls and rough red-tiled roofs, which run down the hill's slope towards the plain. Where

they stop begins the narrow strip of yellow and red houses which form the new Angora. Seen from this height, and comparing it with the past, the five years' work of the innovators seems little indeed.

Looked at more closely, however, it takes truer proportions. A large straight avenue, a mile and a-half long, contains the principal street and ends at the station. On each side of this fine, well-paved and well-lit avenue, elegant modern buildings attract your eyes. At first sight they seem strange and as if belonging to a special kind of architecture, but they are in fact very much like Indian "bungalows." Consisting only of a ground floor, they have a double row of windows—the ones above are high, those below narrow and small. The roof is deep, so as to give shade. Except for the windows, which are adorned with wooden sculptures and applications of blue pottery, the style of these bungalows is simple and in keeping with the climate.

You push on. Here lies the new Chamber of Deputies. The old one, because too small, has been converted into a club of the Republican popular party and a Parliamentary Library. A gardener is laying out the grounds. The building is simple, except the two rooms set aside for the President of the Republic, which are sumptuous. Yet their tenant, the Ghazi, shows a truly democratic spirit. His reception rooms are on the ground floor. You enter them from the passage where a crowd passes continually to and fro. Access to them is easy. The door is open, no sentry holds watch. You are welcome to step in.

Building is going on all over the town—here the Prefecture, there the Archives, farther on the Court of Justice, then again new schools and still more beautiful houses and modern shops. The two boulevards which lead to the citadel, wide, beautifully paved, straight as an arrow, seem to be the pivot round which circles all this renovating activity.

The rest has not changed. When you leave the last workyard, the pavement stops and around you clamour the Middle Ages. You pass that part of the town which the last great fire has destroyed—the small earthen houses look as if they had melted under the flames—and you come to an immense rectangle above which rise

six low cupolas. From outside it looks as if buried in the soil. You enter and marvel. Imagine a gigantic hall supported by pointed brick arches on slender columns, light and pure in the outline. On two sides of this building are large semicircular passages divided into a series of vaulted loggias. This is the great bazaar of Angora, constructed under Soliman the Great, by Sinan, that architect of genius who constructed two of the finest Turkish buildings: the mosque Suleimanie in Constantinople and the great mosque of Adrianople—a pearl among pearls.

At the foot of the citadel, over which a large tower keeps watch, a panorama offers itself to your eyes—a caravan is taking a rest; haughty reddish-brown camels, small brown and grey donkeys, are voluptuously stretched out on the flagstones. Around you the swarming life of an Eastern commercial quarter, its noise, its shouts, its odours.

A small deep door with a marble lintel takes you to the fortress, which recalls many of those I have seen in Northern India, remains of the Mogul's sway. Veiled women glide like shadows along the streets, walls are tumbling down. Here and there you see, lying in a corner, the sculptured capital of a column, the console of a portico or a simple white marble slab surrounded by a delicate border. In the citadel there is a low mosque whose outer wall consists of marvellous fluted columns rammed into the wall's stiff clay, relics of the Roman epoch, for the whole of the citadel is built with the dust of the Roman Empire. It lives in the fragments of its temples, its palaces, which the Byzantines erected with Roman stones.

In the old town only one Roman monument has remained intact, the "Augusteum," the temple of Augustus, whose trapezoidal portico, narrow and high, has withstood time . . . and the Byzantines. On its walls Mommsen read a Latin inscription, known afterwards as the "will of Augustus." Ramsay has just found its replica close to Antioch. In the courtyard of the temple you see a fine collection of Turkish tombstones, especially those *sedjukite*, or marble lions with flat muzzles and curly hair, which abound here.

On the Sunny Cliffs of Thanet

We all long for the sunshine and sea, but not all of us are capable of enjoying them to the full on one of those breezy, bracing beaches crowded with the sort of person for whom the crowd is the main attraction. Yet to wander off the beaten track is, more often than not, to court discomfort and probable boredom. Happily there are a few exceptions to this sad experience. One of the most unique of these is the Beresford Hotel at Birchington-on-Sea, some four miles west of Margate.

Built as the seaside home of a well-known peer on one of the choicest and sunniest spots along the Kentish coast, it has character and charm to an unusual degree, and an atmosphere of its own, more like a private country house than even the most superior hostelry.

Approaching the Beresford by way of the main drive, one's first impression is the entirely pleasing southern aspect of a well-proportioned country residence, facing an expanse of undulating lawn with trees and flowerbeds. This scene is momentarily framed in the tall evergreen shrubs of the foreground, which, lining the carriage-way, have previously hidden it from view.

As it has grown and developed, the hotel has gradually acquired and absorbed the neighbouring houses. They are all built well within a hundred yards of the cliff's edge, and are encircled by eight acres of charmingly laid-out gardens. Each has its sea-lawn and its sheltered southern lawn, and the whole estate is surrounded, except to seaward, by tall walls and plantations, which ensure complete privacy for the residents.

On the seaward side, a cliff frontage of three hundred yards belongs exclusively to the Beresford. The private lawns thus extend to the cliff's edge, and at convenient intervals stairways lead to the sands.

The rooms are light, comfortable, and handsomely furnished. Most of them enjoy the most modern conveniences, with hot and cold water laid on, and electric light, and there are many suites with private bathrooms attached.

The main dining-hall is a spacious, well-lighted room, capable of seating comfortably some 150 persons. It extends to within fifty yards of the cliff's edge, and from practically every table an uninterrupted view of the sea can be obtained. A pleasanter room in which to enjoy the finest English cooking and the wines of choice quality that distinguish the Beresford, it would indeed be hard to find. The entire staff here, and throughout the hotel, has been selected from private service with the object of retaining the "country house" character of the place. The meals all provide typical English fare of the best quality, rather than any sort of imitation of a Continental cuisine.

Alongside the dining-hall, and separated from it by only a glass partition, is the new ballroom. It is a room of beautiful

proportions, with the northern end forming a large semicircular bay overlooking the sea, furnished with dainty side-tables and lightly cushioned chairs. The curtains are of rich English silk in a lovely shade of blue, and the bay window is the largest Messrs. Maple have ever been called upon to drape.

There are five hard tennis courts on the inland side of the house, and two of these are so completely sheltered that even high winds do not interfere with play. A croquet lawn, bridge room, and billiard-room provide less strenuous recreation. Golfers can find a number of first-rate links in the immediate neighbourhood.

The bathing, too, is excellent. The long stretch of sandy foreshore slopes almost imperceptibly, and children may be left here in perfect safety to play or paddle.

There is one very valuable corner of the hotel with which the majority of its guests never come into contact—a department devoted under expert direction to medical baths and massage. The facilities provided include seawater, seaweed (ozone), radiant heat, and other medicinal baths, electro-vibratory and ordinary massage and ultra-violet ray (artificial sunlight) treatment. There is also an enclosure for open-air sunlight baths. There is little need for "artificial" sunlight at Birchington, since the Isle of Thanet is unsurpassed as regards duration of sunshine, lowness of rainfall, and evenness of temperature. The average winter temperature is several degrees above that of London.

Just seventy miles from London, the journey by motor-car over one of the best of the new arterial roads can be comfortably completed in about two and a half hours, and is a delightful run. Many trains cover the distance in less than two hours.

As a week-end resort the Beresford offers attractions unrivalled by any hotel within such easy reach of town.

BUNGALOW IN THE GROUNDS.

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NEW ANGORA

In New Angora you meet the recklessness of life which has not yet found its level. Lights dazzle, flags fly everywhere, autocars are innumerable. But before the relics of the past in the old town, the peace of centuries surrounds you. Yet round the first corner hums the life of an Eastern bazaar. You enter the small, insignificant native shop which often contains treasures untold. The merchant is seated cross-legged at the threshold of his booth; the small oil-lamp smokes; the reeking of the native sweetmeats takes you by the throat. From the diminutive eating-places, the smell of greasy mutton chokes you. Men are crouching on the pavement "to eat the air," or are preparing for the night, which they spend away from their stuffy houses, lying on the ground, covered with a sheet. It is the East in all its primitive simplicity.

The dress of the people has changed. The long black coat and the fez have disappeared. Every Turk is compelled to wear the European cap or hat and the coat—for such are the Ghazi's orders. Woman has also been emancipated. You may still see in the streets, creeping along close against the houses, some women who wear the black or grey "tchartchaf." More often, though, you see those who have abandoned "purdah" and wear a gown of Paris fashion, silk stockings and low patent-leather shoes. They look at you and smile, as much as to say: "What do you think of us, now we no longer hide our faces?" It is not only the outer pageant, but the inner life which Mustapha Kemal has changed. His efforts tend towards everything that is useful. A fine Post Office has risen in Angora; but there is only one cinema, and that is hidden away in a small street.

The great man, the Ghazi, the innovator of so many things, who has transformed Turkey, is evidently not a *gourmand*. The cooking that you can get in New Angora is just as in the days of old. There is an hotel, and it looks European from the outside, but its cooking appliances are most primitive: a charcoal fire, above it an iron spit thrust through a goat or kid, from which they hack a piece and bring it reeking of fat. There may be wine or spirit hidden away somewhere, but to

all appearance Turkey is "dry," and the only beverage you can get is a kind of sour milk beaten up in water, somewhat resembling "yoghurt," and not unpleasant to the taste. In the primitive hotels you hire a bed, not a room; but the bed is clean and you can leave all you possess lying about. The Turk's honesty is proverbial.

At first sight, the cost of living seems exorbitant; not so, however, when you consider the distance whence food has to be brought. The only thing this region seems to produce is mutton; and a sheep's tail, a real bag of fat, is considered the greatest delicacy. It is eaten with a kind of coarse salad, bitter in taste, which is the only kind of green vegetable the land seems to produce. I also remember—some forty years ago—when this state of things existed in India. But Chinese gardeners and the Hindus, who have become their adept pupils, have devised irrigation and now grow the most beautiful vegetables, forcing them as French gardeners do. Mustapha Kemal, who is in search of specialists for every branch of his innovations, will doubtless soon cure this defect, and engage gardeners not only to cultivate the park of the new Chamber of Deputies, but to give his people wholesome food. He will force them to eat greens as he has forced them to wear European dress. He may even regret that he drove away the Armenians, who were such splendid agriculturists and market gardeners.

Mustapha Kemal has decided—for he is the supreme master here, and his genius has understood that as such he must enter into details—to build shortly a theatre in Angora, a museum, a stadium for foot races, a national library, a university, secondary schools as well as special ones. In the meantime the town remains the seat of government and not that of intellectual pursuit. Time alone can mature all these vast plans. Yet Mustapha may well boast that he is trying a thing which only the Roman Emperors of old, on the pinnacle of their glory, ever dared to attempt—to create in the midst of Asia Minor, on an arid plain and amidst a poor population, a centre from which the civilization of the West will spread its beneficial influence over the whole of Turkey.

Apples in Nova Scotia

By Lieut.-Colonel P. Byng Hall, D.S.O.

It is a curious fact that Nova Scotia, the nearest Canadian province to England—a seven days' voyage—and the first to be settled, is practically unknown to people who are not living in or directly connected with it.

Now that "Empire Grown" is beginning to mean something, it is worth while wondering how many people who eat apples in England know that Nova Scotia grows and exports more of them than any other part of the Empire. In the fruit shops in England, Nova Scotian apples, or "Scotians," as they are called, are generally sold as "Americans"; often, I have no doubt, the retailer honestly thinks that Nova Scotia is part of the United States.

From Windsor to Digby, for 100 miles along the line of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, stretches the great apple belt of Nova Scotia. Here, in the Cornwallis and Annapolis Valleys, between two parallel ranges of hills, which provide shelter from winds and keep out the mists from the Bay of Fundy, apples grow to perfection.

Mixed farming is carried on, but apples are the main crop and support of this region. Nearly every station has one or several apple warehouses, where the fruit is stored, graded, packed, and shipped.

In apple-blossom week, the traveller sees one of the most beautiful sights in the world—miles upon miles of orchard, all in full bloom, in places one solid mass of white and pink blossoms.

In addition to apples, pears, plums and cherries are successfully grown. Strawberries are the main crop in small fruits, and raspberries, currants, and other berries grow well. Although the production in the valley of recent years has touched two million barrels of apples, not 30 per cent. of the available land has yet been planted. When Imperial Preference becomes a fact, and Nova

Scotia gets an assured market for her apples, then there will be room for thousands of settlers in these valleys alone.

To any man who is fond of gardening, fruit growing is attractive. The man who can grow vegetables and flowers is almost certain to be able to grow good apples, but, while nearly anybody can grow apples, it requires brains and intelligence and a real interest in the work, to grow good fruit.

In Nova Scotia, as a rule, forty trees are planted to the acre, and the land kept cultivated until July, when a cover crop, generally clover, is sown. This stops the trees growing, helps to ripen the crop, and when ploughed in, in the spring, puts nitrogen into the soil.

Another school does not believe in cultivation, but in sod culture. This means leaving the land uncultivated, but mowing the grass twice during the summer and spreading it under the trees. Those in favour of sod culture claim that the apples ripen better, are cleaner, and keep better.

The first operation in spring, generally done in March and April, though any fine day in winter will do, is pruning. There are various methods, but nearly every grower has his own ideas on the subject, and a good deal of practice is necessary before one becomes proficient. The amount of wood cut out every year, from even a small orchard, is amazing, yet, when summer comes, it seems as if nothing had been done.

Next come ploughing and harrowing, the latter being done every ten days or so, until the cover crop is sown. As soon as the weather turns mild, fertilizing has to begin. Those growers who go in for mixed farming and have plenty of farmyard manure use that, but others have to buy artificial fertilizers, the most important being nitrate of soda. Whatever quantities of phosphates, potash, and nitrates are decided on, are sown by hand, so many pounds being scattered under each tree.

Then comes spraying or dusting. In the one case a liquid mixture is made, and pumped on to the trees by a small petrol engine, or dust is used and blown on. Dusting is the quicker and less dirty operation, and seems to give equal results. Bordeaux before blossom, and

lime sulphur afterwards, are usual, together with a nicotine spray or dust.

In August the barrels are being delivered. These have to be nailed at the bottom end, and their heads taken out, so as to be ready for the apples when the rush of the picking season begins. From the middle of September to the end of October all hands are picking. If pickers are hired, they are either paid 10s. a day, or from 7½d. to 10d. a barrel. The barrels are placed near the trees throughout the orchard, and the pickers supplied with ladders and half-bushel baskets or canvas buckets. The great point is to get the apples picked and into the barrels without bruising, and without damaging the trees. Careful pickers would average fifteen to twenty barrels a day. More than that usually means a lot of bruised apples.

From the orchard the full barrels are hauled away either to the farm packing-house or to the warehouse. Co-operation is still in its infancy here, but there are numerous co-operative warehouses in the valley, where the crop can be sent to be stored, graded, packed, and shipped to a commission fruit broker in England. After deducting expenses, the proceeds are divided amongst the members according to the number of barrels and varieties they sent in. Then there are the warehouses belonging to firms who buy apples. These firms sometimes buy "tree run," i.e. the barrels delivered as they come from the trees, but generally they grade the apples first, and pay the agreed price per barrel for each grade packed, returning the culls. The apples have to be delivered at the warehouse. Many growers, however, pack and ship their own.

Finally, before winter, comes the last inspection of the orchard, possibly a beginning of pruning, and usually earthing up round the young trees, to keep the mice from eating the bark.

To give figures of possible profits is impossible, for, as in every other business, they depend on the man. The market value of a full-grown orchard is £100 an acre, and it should give an average profit of £20 per acre a year. Every extra shilling in the selling price of a barrel is so much more clear profit. For good, well-packed apples

far more than this can be obtained. In most cases the orchards are part of a small farm, and often the whole farm, buildings and all, can be bought at a price very little higher than the value of the orchard alone.

The climate compares favourably with England, although the winter is a good deal colder, and March an unpleasant month. Living is cheap, schooling cheap, taxation very light, and no income tax is claimed below £600 a year. To anybody with a small income, who wishes to add to it and to bring his children up within the Empire, there is no better and healthier life than apple-growing in Nova Scotia.

It is a paradox, but nevertheless true, that Nova Scotia today is the frontier land of Canada. For years the tide of migration has passed it by, sweeping on the way to the West, taking many of its residents with it, until today Nova Scotia is the land of opportunity, especially for the man of moderate means. Every year sees numbers of these going to British Columbia, the region farthest from England, and neglecting the opportunities that lie nearest home.

The Spy at Château Bas

By Dorothy Bowers

In the late summer of 1924 I revisited Château Bas, a hamlet some four miles east of Rochefort, in the Ardennes. I had last seen it ten years ago, touched to lurid life by the quickening glare of war, compelled, as it were, to unwonted activity by the clamour of guns, somewhat in the manner of a country wench drawn involuntarily into the vortex of city life.

For years Château Bas and its vivid memories slept, till the shackles of the old pre-war existence began to slip uneasily into place once more. Then it was, in the cramped confines of London business life, that I experienced a craving home-sickness for those blood-soaked fields where the youth of Europe had died. In reply to a letter tinged more heavily than I had suspected with regret for old times, a friend in Rochefort, who had lost an arm at Mulhouse, sent the necessary invitation. In September I trod once again a land whose very air had been thick with agony and passion.

It had been no preconcerted plan of mine to visit Château Bas itself, yet it seemed a matter of course that our steps should be bent in that direction one afternoon when my holiday was still little more than a week old.

It lay in a cup of the hills, placid and beautiful, as it must have looked in the autumn of 1913, only that charred, fragmentary ruins showed up at intervals like scars on the body of some quiet warrior. A young girl with dark, cloudy eyes and a mass of bronze hair passed us on the road, a basket of smooth, yellow pears on her arm, and a bunch of little children playing in the dust looked up at us with grave, wide eyes that had never flinched from the horrors of war.

Mellow October sunlight washed the hedges, where delicate, dew-laden cobwebs still swung in shady recesses, or slid caressingly down whitewashed walls and mossy roofs. Above us a pale, clean sky arched, a little misty, cloudless and serene.

We had come within sight of a low, solitary farmhouse, obviously inhabited, but slatternly and decayed, with a sullen air about it and no one stirring. As we approached the weed-grown strip of garden in front, where dank, coarse grass mingled with the flaunting

courage of blue Michaelmas daisies and a great clump of Golden Rod, some memory stirred within me. A few belated honey bees buzzed in little eddies round the fading plumes of Golden Rod, and with a hand on the broken paling, I paused and looked at Dupont.

"Who lives here?" I asked, and only half-listened to his reply.

"Maximilien—a farmer, and his wife—careless, dirty folk."

I was thinking, thinking rapidly. A blazing, dust-clogged day in September, ten years ago, passed effortlessly before my mental vision, and I saw again a straggling score or so of British soldiers, thirsty, disillusioned, who had tramped this road. There had been an old woman at the gate, beside the Michaelmas daisies and the Golden Rod, and the long, choking grass—a withered, immobile figure who had watched us with still, dark gaze and, as the foremost drew abreast, proffered a broken basket filled with ripe greengages, the while she nodded and smiled her wordless sympathy. Greengages for cracked and arid lips, more than enough to go round! A little thing to stick in one's memory for ten eventful years, you say? Yes, but it had been extraordinarily refreshing and pleasant. I turned to Dupont again.

"An old woman!" I said. "Wasn't there an old woman here then?"

"Ah, yes," he replied. "You mean Mère Maximilien." He gave his head an explanatory jerk in the direction of the lifeless windows. "His grandmother, you know. She died—rather odd circumstances, yet commonplace enough, God knows!"

On the way back to Rochefort he gave me the story, quietly, as such a story should be given.

. . . . . .

In 1914 there were three people living on the farm—Jean Maximilien, his wife Suzanne, and Jean's grandmother, known as Mère Maximilien.

Jean was a lazy ne'er-do-well, a little over thirty, with a paralysed arm which kept him out of the army. He sulked and slouched his way through life from dawn till dusk, with a savage, unformed desire to make himself comfortable at all costs, and a complete disregard of the welfare of the farm and of those around him. His wife,

a stolid, placid creature, older than himself, silently acquiesced in the slovenliness of house, land, and husband, and increased Jean's natural irritability by the bovine attention she paid to his wants. They were childless, the only other person in the house being the central figure of my story, Mère Maximilien.

Mère Maximilien was seventy-six years old in 1914 and, though deaf and dumb from birth, had been a fine, healthy woman when Simon Maximilien married her, a half-century or more ago. One summer morning Simon fell from a hay-wagon and broke his spine. When he died the farm went to her eldest son, and while still worked with comparative care, seemed to lose, under the new regime, something of its old trim fecundity. Mère Maximilien's deafness increased with years, and though still strong and capable, she retired more and more into the background. In the winter of 1908 the son had succumbed to a severe bout of pneumonia, and land and house passed automatically into the negligent hands of the young, dissolute, unlovable Jean, his only child.

Dark years closed down on Mère Maximilien and the farm at Château Bas. Jean was no farmer, and he hated his grandmother. He loathed her helplessness, the abiding calm of her movements, the eternal silence of her slow approaches and withdrawals. Complete deafness had enclosed her like a vault before she was seventy, and a stroke a year or so later deprived her mentality of its once lissome alertness. "Half-witted," they said in the village, with a shrug of the shoulders, and it was indeed true that she had now lost the power of expressing herself by the conversation of the fingers, in the voiceless manner of the dumb.

Jean's hatred grew with the intensity only possible to a mind extraordinarily limited in its emotional range. He loathed with an indefinable fear the direct reproach of her level, dark gaze, the more piercing because wordless. He detested her immobility, the grave, attentive attitude of one completely detached from the world, yet always in it.

Most of her time was spent in the kitchen, beside the great hearth, her wrinkled hands in her lap, and a brindled cat, lean, with yellow eyes, at her feet. The stare of both was unwinking, hard to fathom. Sometimes Mère

Maximilien would smile, a slow lift of the lips which seemed somehow to age her still more terribly, and in which the seething rancour of Jean detected a gleam of sardonic triumph. On sunny days she would walk as far as the garden gate, and stand there, like some guardian of dead relics. Passers-by went on, unheeding, with never a word and often no glance. A new generation had grown up to that which had known Mère Maximilien, a woman loved and honoured in Château Bas. She was nothing now to them but an old, mentally-deficient creature, scarcely a woman, deaf and dumb, and therefore beyond folks' reach by the ordinary channels of human intercourse.

So months slid by in Château Bas, and she who heard nothing, spoke no word, shared none of the squalid activities of the farm, dominated house and inhabitants alike. So, no doubt, things would have gone on till the quiet earth, as voiceless as herself, had claimed Mère Maximilien, had not the war laid a blood-smeared hand on lovely Ardennes, and one finger of it on the becalmed hush of Château Bas.

At first Jean Maximilien, out of savage perversity, welcomed news of war; at last this sleepy existence which he detested while acquiescing in it would receive a rude awakening. Then, gradually, he grew to hate it, not for obvious reasons, but because he could not share in it. The realization that he was to miss the zest and thrill of the most primitive of man's pastimes, the one chance of escape from the stifling atmosphere of Château Bas, his cow-like wife, and his detestable grandmother, soured him afresh. While others, even his own man-of-all-work, assumed the peculiar importance attached to the uniform and bearing of a *poilu*, he was doomed by a withered arm to stick for ever in the mud of Château Bas, among cows and pigs and oafish women. Fettered for ever to Château Bas, he grew to hate the war, soldiers, France itself. His sullen face would settle into a sneer whenever he heard remarks about *la patrie*. How could one be expected to serve the country, or take any interest in the country, when all one's time from bleak dawn to bleaker dusk was filled with feeding thankless pigs and hens, and keeping life in the unresponsive carcasses of two fools of women?

So Jean argued, tramping muddy acres in the winter of 1914, the while he dreamed incessantly of adventure and fine deeds and a Croix de Guerre never to be his.

With the New Year occurred events which were to break for a brief but glorious span the humdrum of Jean's life, and give significance to the neglected farm at Château Bas.

Late one gusty night in January, a French officer and three soldiers, riding up to the farm, billeted themselves on the Maximiliens, with vague remarks about rejoining their regiment in a week's time. Had the explanations been more lucid, they would have penetrated Jean's thick skull scarcely farther. All he grasped was that a gleam of Romance had shone upon the farm, which was to shelter for seven blissful days a French *capitaine* and three brave *poilus*. For the first time in his life Jean Maximilien became voluble, and seemed swayed by emotions other than hatred. Even his grandmother would be unable to mar the joy of that week, for she had retired to bed, as was her wont periodically, ailing and wasted, but still immobile. Jean always hoped she would die at one such time. Hasty explanations that there was only an old woman in the house, ill in bed, besides himself and Suzanne, and that they would do all in their power to make messieurs comfortable, sufficed. Jean prepared for an exciting week, and took stock of his guests.

Monsieur le Capitaine was a tall, blond man, with quiet, but alert eyes, and a mouth like steel. Jean understood his name was Hanchette. The other three were jolly enough fellows—one, a corporal, fair and rather stout, the others a pair of dark, lithe privates, typically French. Capt. Hanchette was not jolly, nor communicative, but an austere man, with decisive voice and manners. He proved coldly indifferent to Jean's ingratiating attempts at conversation, and was apparently bored by the farmer's generous information regarding the passage of French troops through the hamlet on their way to Namur last week, and the excitement of the admiring villagers. Jean soon abandoned his efforts to beat down the icy reserve of the captain and turned his attention to his less impregnable men. They proved companionable, jocose, eager to receive and impart news, and with an amazing store of anecdotes, some of doubtful flavour, but

all related in a back-slapping, disarming manner. The walls of the farmhouse at Château Bas echoed unfamiliarly to reiterated bursts of masculine laughter. Was not Jean at last a link with those brave *poilus* who were safeguarding France and liberty in the red light of the guns a few miles away?

The week, however, drew too quickly to its close, and towards the end Jean grew irritable again. Perhaps it is true that familiarity breeds contempt, for he certainly sighed anew for fresh faces; or perhaps it was that Jean's old longing for uniform and gun took possession of him again. He began to feel acutely alien among these seasoned warriors; his civilian character assumed the proportions of a persistent demon, always at his side, silently mocking and thwarting him at every turn—like Mère Maximilien.

His wife, who had remained curiously unaffected by these additions to her household, noted with growing dread the return of Jean's surliness, but her stony face betrayed nothing of the knowledge that was hers. Though she knew Jean would have liked to knock her down where she stood for no other reason than the annoyance her stupid presence gave him, she continued to move wearily and laboriously about her household duties, bovine resignation stamped upon her face. Upstairs lay an old woman oblivious to the world, knowing nothing of a French *capitaine* and three brave *poilus* in the house.

The last day came—a Tuesday, cold and still, with a rising fog; Jean would always remember every detail of that day. At the next dawn Capt. Hanchette and his men would depart, and blankness settle down once more on the farm of Château Bas. In the morning his wife had announced her intention of going to Rochefort for the day to see her dying mother, and had clung with so sudden and surprising an obstinacy to her resolution that Jean Maximilien had felt unable to combat it adequately, and let her go. The house, after all, he felt, could lose little by her absence, might even be slightly less depressing.

The morning dragged itself out, and in the afternoon Jean went off to the fields as usual. The *capitaine* and his men were out, too, he did not know where, but as he left the byre he met them returning to the house. He had not thought of his grandmother all day; the last

meal she had had Suzanne gave her before leaving that morning.

Mère Maximilien herself moved a little on the hard bed in her ill-kept bedroom. Her bout of illness was temporarily in abeyance, and half-formed ideas of being dressed and sitting downstairs again flitted across her shaky mind. Suzanne seemed a long time downstairs. Was it yesterday she had last seen someone? She felt suddenly hungry and lonely. She got her trembling old limbs out of bed and groped for familiar garments.

Jean, busy with dismal visions of a life stretched out for ever amid the unenlivening surroundings of Château Bas, trudged his way in the direction of the fields. Halfway, groping mechanically for his pipe, he felt an empty pocket, swore an oath, and turning on his heel tramped stolidly back to the house. Thus, by an instrument so humble as a tobacco-pipe, did Fate take a hand in men's lives at Château Bas.

Passing through the yard on his way to the back door, his footsteps muffled in the straw, Jean suddenly heard a low exclamation which arrested him in his stride as one petrified.

"Gott in Himmel!" came a voice, low and guttural, from the direction of the parlour window, and then, after a quick note of impatience from somebody else, continued in French, "We have them then."

Jean dropped on hands and knees, silent as a log, below the level of the window. The gathering fog wrapped him about. He was within easy earshot of all that passed.

Inside the room Capt. Hanchette was spreading on the table a map of the eastern frontier, marked copiously with red ink lines. Over it his men bent their heads, following with eager glance the captain's tracing finger.

One of them lifted his head sharply. "There is no risk?" he queried in French.

Hanchette's voice came, serene and curt: "None. The woman has gone to Rochefort till tonight. Maximilien is hedging a mile away. The old woman, I understand, is bedridden." For safety's sake, however, the conversation was resumed in French.

Underneath the window Jean's heart was thumping horribly against his ribs, but there was a smile on his lips.

Mère Maximilien groped a quavering way downstairs.

In the kitchen the remains of a fire burnt dully in the grate, in front of which sat the brindled cat, watching the embers with unblinking, yellow eyes. Mère Maximilien sat down in her familiar chair. From the adjacent parlour, separated from the kitchen by a door, came a voice, intent and regular, with brief interruptions at intervals from other voices. To anyone of normal hearing every word would have been audible, but Mère Maximilien was lapped about by the roar of eternal silence. Her dark eyes, wide and unfathomable, were fixed steadily on the parlour door.

For an hour Jean crouched below the window, a cramped, fog-wetted figure, absorbing and registering breathlessly each word and sentence from the room above. Slight, salient phrases burned themselves on his mind. "Les Vosges." "Yser." "Masses of troops on the 30th." "The Passchendaele Road."

There was coarse laughter once at some remark about the burning of Maximilien's ramshackle house when a certain great day arrived, an outburst speedily silenced by Hanchette's curt voice. Jean ground his teeth in voiceless passion.

Capt. Hanchette stood up, and began slowly to re-fold his map. "That's all," he said quietly; "a good week's work," and added carelessly, "thanks largely to the glib tongue of that dirty fool, Maximilien."

Outside "the dirty fool" squatted, half-frozen, rime on his coat, with a glow in eyes and heart.

From the kitchen came the slight sound of Mère Maximilien's chair scraped back, as she rose to explore the house and find that truant Suzanne. Four men in the parlour were instantly stricken to mute, expressive attitudes. In two strides Capt. Hanchette reached the kitchen door and flung it open, his men clustering at his back. He saw an old woman with enigmatical gaze, confronting him from the hearth.

Mère Maximilien's level eyes perceived, framed in the doorway, a tall, fair man in the brave uniform of France, bold, handsome, chivalrous, with ardent blue eyes that seemed to pierce her soul and wake her slumbering mentality to warm remembrance. Ah! was he not like Simon, the good Simon, her dear husband, when Simon was in the heyday of his health and strength? A friendly glow

swept through her chilled old blood. She smiled, a slow lift of the lips, in which Hanchette detected a gleam of sardonic triumph.

"Mein Gott!" he said softly, "a spy." A man behind him muttered something, and at the same moment Hanchette, snatching his revolver, aimed directly at Mère Maximilien's smiling face, and fired. The cat bounded sideways at the report, while a blue smoke hung, motionless for an instant, in the air. When it cleared Mère Maximilien, who had never heard nor uttered human word, might have been seen lying, a frail crumpled heap on the hearthstones, little more immobile and detached than in life.

After the first half-startled hush one of the men turned away with a foul expression.

Outside in the gathering darkness of the late January afternoon, under cover of the loud report, Jean Maximilien, regardless of his grandmother's fate, ran, despite stiff limbs, as he had never run before in his life, the half-mile which divided his farm from Château Bas.

. . . . . .

By the time Dupont's tale reached its close we were entering the outskirts of Rochefort. Château Bas lay behind us, a white and green smudge in the blue lap of the hills.

"Hanchette was really Hackmann, the Prussian spy," added Dupont as an afterthought. "The Château Bas affair finished him, though. He was shot a week later. . . . The corporal was German, too, but the others were Frenchmen right enough."

I scarcely listened. Looking over my shoulder, I perceived the stark outline of that shattered fortress which had given the hamlet its name, a mediæval fragment rearing its gaunt head out of the twentieth century, a grim guardian of decayed secrets.

"So Jean Maximilien lost his grandmother and gained something a little more substantial, I believe, than his coveted Croix de Guerre." Dupont's voice was cynical.

But I was not thinking of Jean Maximilien, nor of the reward he got for his work *pour la patrie*. I was seeing again a hot and dusty road in Ardennes, and a weary troop of British Tommies, refreshed by the greengages that an inarticulate and friendly old woman had given them.

An Episode from "The Diary"

By Lord Latymer

SAMUEL PEPYS, of the Navy Board,
  Toiled till his eyes grew dim;
But shivered, and felt the hangman's cord
  As Wrath encompassed him.

The ships lacked stores, and the seamen pence,
  And an Order came, one day,
That the Brethren all must make defence,
  And say what they had to say

At the Commons' Bar. John Minnes, and Pen,
  Lord Brouncker, and Hervey, too,
Said: "Mr. Pepys, we are silent men,
  This burden lies upon you."

"Plead you our cause." Though Pepys was afeard,
  He said he would do his part,
Yet went his ways, as the Judgment neared,
  With a mighty sorrowful heart.

He grieved at board, and he grieved in bed
  In his sore adversity;
He waked his wife in the night, and said,
  "Oh, wife, canst comfort me?"

They talked, and his trouble sat easier;
  Morn came; in a sober suit
He spoke a wherry for Westminster,
  But stopped at "The Dog," en route,

AN EPISODE FROM "THE DIARY"

To drink mulled sack; let him laugh who will—
  Have you ne'er taken a sup
For comfort's sake, when the morning's chill,
  Or drunk from a stirrup cup?

* * * * *

He faced the House, and began with zest
  Such as comes from a righteous cause,
And the Commons listened with interest;
  Full swing, with never a pause,

Three hours he spoke, in words that burned;
  They listened from first to end,
And many a one of his hearers turned
  From an angry foe to a friend.

The tempest passed, and the Board got ground
  Whereon it could stand, and breathe,
While about his brow Pepys presently found
  The laurels begin to wreathe.

'Twas meet; he had earned them well, I know;
  But I want one sprig to twine
On Elizabeth's head, and a leaf or so
  To drop in that cup of wine.

For the surest help in the coward mood
  That comes when the world looks black
With the frozen breath of ingratitude,
  Is—a wife, and a pint of sack!

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Eternal Triangle

"Heddle," said Sergeant Murphy, "have you ever heard tell of the Eternal Thriangle?"

"The what?" replied Heddle.

"The Eternal Thriangle. It's nothin' to do with the alleged musical instrument in a band. That's the infernal thriangle. This wan is the basis of three-quarthers of the plays that lead elderly women to spind twinty-four hours in a theatre queue in the West End. It's a sure money-maker. At the present time it's calculated to be keepin' forty-wan thousand novelists, eighteen thousand dhramatists, the divil knows how many publishers, printers, theatre proprietors, actors, and other ranks in the lap of luxury. That fellah Heinz thought he was clever whin he invinted the fifty-seven varieties of beans that would bake. But the fellah that invinted the Eternal Thriangle was satisfied with wan variety, and if he could have copyrighted the idea, he'd have made Henry Ford and Rockefeller look like paupers."

"What's it all about?" asked Heddle.

"Well, it's this way," replied the Sergeant. "Suppose you fell madly in love with Emma, the fat barmaid outside."

"Me?" gasped Heddle. "That one? Not likely!"

"You never know," said the Sergeant. "It's not yourself that does it, mind you. I'm not sure what are the latest developments of Frood's theory—as likely as not he says that it's the epigasthric nerve or the cornucopia that's responsible for fallin' in love. But annyhow you've got an overwhilmin' passion for Emma, and you want to go off to the South Sea Islands, wear nothin' but a short shirt made out of a sthraw bath mat and a biscuit flower in yer ear, and hold Emma's hand be the side of the coral cliffs under the coco-nuts. Now, thin, suppose we call this pint-measure you, the wather-jug your missus, and the beer pump Emma. That makes the Eternal Thriangle for you three—the problem that's engagin' the brains of nine writers out of ten, plain or fancy."

"I don't see what that's got to do with me," said Heddle puzzled.

"You don't because you're the victim of the false convintions of today and don't know it. You're not thrue to yerself. You're afraid to cut the Gordon knot that binds you to a life of misery, whin all your aspirations are for a quick divorce from your missus and an immediate passage with Emma to the islands of Tonga Bonga undher the Southern Cross. If you could walk into the post office and buy a divorce certifikit with the same ease as you now buy an insurance stamp, a brighter era would have dawned for you and millions of other mathrimonial misfits. That last bit isn't me own. I got it from a hatchet-faced man that was holdin' a meetin' on the Common last Sunday. He was preachin' the gospel of lightnin' divorces on anny grounds from knock-knee to disagreement over the choice of beef or mutton for the Sunday joint. He got a lot of support, too, from some of the women in the audience. I fancy they'd an idea that if this fellah had a wife, it was only fair she should get away from him at the earliest possible date. So they voted as a mass meetin' that Parliament was to grant facilities for the new Divorce Bill that this fellah had dhrawn up, and that copies of the resolution be sent to Misther Baldwin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Maskelyne and Devant, and a lot of other important people. He's out to solve the Eternal Thriangle, and be the Powers ! he'll do it."

"You're not keen about divorce, are you, Sar'nt ?" asked Heddle.

"I am not," was the reply. "Whinever a man comes along and wants to add another to the just causes for divorce, I always add another impediment to gettin' married. Too many people take marriage in their sthride, as you might say, and whin they get tired of it, call on all the gods they know to rescue thim.

"Annyhow, the number of eternal thriangles isn't one-tinth what the dhramatists pretend to think it is.

"Watch a business thrain goin' to town anny mornin'. The hundhreds of min that have caught it are seated quiet and placid. But the wan man that's missed it is cursin' and blindin' on the platform.

"It's the same with marriage."

Spiritual Content

By Horace Shipp

The Dybbuk. By S. Ansky. (Royalty Theatre.)
Abie's Irish Rose. By Anne Nichols. (Apollo Theatre.)

A WRITER in a contemporary recently, reviewing a group of plays by the younger generation of modern dramatists, complained that they were lacking in what he termed "spiritual content." The phrase goes well to the root of the matter when we are posing that eternal problem of what's wrong with the theatre. It draws the necessary line between such a play as *The Dybbuk* with all its faults, and *Abie's Irish Rose* or *Broadway*, with all their ability. By a curious law of artistic survival it ensures that *The Dybbuk* will probably be played and known after half a century of theatrical life, and *Abie's Irish Rose* will pass as completely into limbo as the successful comedies of the mid-Victorian era. That this should be so in spite of the facts of all-night queues, six-year runs, and innumerable touring companies is difficult enough to comprehend; that it should be so in face of the obvious technical failings of the more serious piece seems almost miraculous. It would seem that greatness, like murder, will out; and that the theatre, for all its banalities, cannot get far away from that altar to the gods around which it had its origin.

The secret does not lie in any preoccupation with subjects of mystic or psychic interest, although *The Dybbuk* happens to belong to this category. It is rather that some plays take us through their outward and surface action into the wide fields of spiritual strife and growth which lie behind. Others planned only to amuse or divert us during their three hours' traffic of the stage tell us no more than their transient story. In the hands of the great dramatists the stage story is put over with a perfection of technique which holds the senses whilst the mind is directed through it to this hinterland of truth and beauty. The swiftly-moving

action of the Shakespearian tragedies, for example; the austere plastic appeal of Greek drama; the "parochial" stories of Ibsen or Tchehov; the intellectualities of Pirandello; these things leave nothing to be desired as stage interest. But they are so much more. As we read them or watch them in the theatre, they teach us more of man and of his relation to the universe of which he forms part.

The Dybbuk is not among these greatest plays. Its story becomes again and again lost among the overloading detail; its dramatic interest, carried at times to tremendous heights, is allowed to lose itself. Its symbolism is often obscure, yet is so much to the forefront of the play that we cannot but send our minds off on excursions to discover what it means. There is a "Messenger" who, instead of fulfilling the Greek function of that character, exemplifies the schoolboy's howler when he defined a messenger as a person who makes a mess. His part seemed at this single hearing to be vacillating between the obvious and the obscure, and was not helped by the terribly prosaic way the lines were delivered. Here, then, the moment one starts to think of this play, a score of faults are registered.

Neither is its actual story likely to claim us save as a study in the macabre. It concerns a young Jewish maiden who is given in betrothal to a wealthy Jew by her father although there is a bond between him and the friend of his youth that their respective daughter and son should be wedded. This early bond has mystically led the youth as a student to their house, it has brought the young people into spiritual affinity, into passionate love; and when, in spite of his efforts to secure his love through the black magic of the book of the Kabala, the betrothal to another takes place, he dies. At the moment of the wedding he takes possession of the body of his beloved as a Dybbuk, and the rest of the play is taken up with the exorcism of this homeless human spirit from its lodgment. The secret pact between the two elder men is revealed in a trial scene before the Rabbinical court, wherein the boy's father is raised from the dead to bring his accusation; and there is yet one more great dramatic scene in the play

when the Dybbuk leaving the girl, and the dreadful anathemas of the Rabbi being removed, death comes to her as well and reunites the lovers.

That is not a story for our world or for our time. Its morality, its happenings, its beliefs, do not belong to us. Two elements within it, however, are sufficiently potent to transcend all barriers of place and creed. The one is the creative power which builds with every word this sombre world of Jewry with its ritual, its theological and material wrangling, its superstitions, its hypocrisy even, and the dark beauty of all its incomprehensible life. The other is the eternally true story of human love threading this dark world of Jewry like a thread of silver. This, in the hands of Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson and Mr. Ernest Milton, becomes in itself an exquisite piece of art. Both of these players have about them a quality of aloofness which fits them exactly to these parts. To the world about them they do not belong, but we watch entranced the manifestation of their own inwardness. With both of them the quality in their acting which appeals is just this capacity for implying torture of the spirit rather than any outward action.

The Theatre Guild is doing its work well in presenting to London playgoers such a play as this. It is big enough to carry faults, and it has beauty and truth in its conception and carrying out.

Alongside it such pieces as *Abie's Irish Rose* must content themselves with their enormous box office success. This tale is of Jewry again, but its world is the world of comic Jews and Irishmen unredeemed by anything save the farcical humour of the neatly contrived situations. Good enough maybe to last in the West End for something into years, but having no affinity really with that theatre whose beginning was the wondering and worshipping soul of man, and whose first home was the temple under the sky.

Books

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHIES

THE GYPSY LIFE OF BETSY WOOD. By M. EILEEN LYSTER. With an Introduction by JOHN SAMPSON and line illustrations by JOHN GARSIDE. Dent. 6s.

DR. SAMPSON, a well-known authority on Romany, tells us that he met Betsy Wood thirty years since at Beaumaris, and that later Miss Lyster became her attached friend and wrote "this idyllic picture of a gypsy's life." The little memoir is, indeed, charmingly written, though it does not tell us when Betsy died. It gives a good idea of nomadic freedom in days of less coercion than these. In Wales, too, where a gift for music is much commoner than in England, the musical Woods with their fiddles had an ideal ground to work over. They were honoured at festivals, like the ancient minstrels, and feared as foretellers of fate and dealers with the uncanny.

Betsy was vivid in pouring out vast stores of superstitions, says Dr. Sampson, and though, as partly Gentile in birth and upbringing, she had to overcome some scorn and neglect, she lived to embody the true gypsy spirit. Readers of Borrow will not be surprised to learn that, when her first child died, all his little clothes were destroyed. The possessions of the dead are not for the living. Betsy's husband, who took her from work on a farm, was a Welsh gypsy, who regarded the English sort with dislike. Thus the Romany words differ slightly from Borrow's. His "gorgio," a Gentile, appears in the more accurate form of "gaujo," opposed to "kaule," the "black" gypsy. Miss Lyster should have added a brief vocabulary of such words. Thus, "devel" is not "devil," but "God"; "pirani" is "sweetheart"; "daia," constantly used for "mother," is probably the same as the Greek "theia," nurse. "Hokkani," mentioned in supernatural work, is "lie." There are several tales of the "little people" who bring luck, if treated with due respect. The fairies appeared to Syforella, Betsy's grandmother, as "raia" and "raunia," lords and ladies. The first word is the Sanskrit "raj," and the second familiar in the Indian "Rawnee." "Dukkering," fortune-telling, and "chal," Scottish "chiel," are, perhaps, still familiar today. Sybella told Betsy that her race bore their children easily, and some of the finest babies are of gypsy blood, as we heard from a doctor who could not venture to give a prize to one such infant at a local show and put all the mothers of the village against him. The Welsh gypsies appear markedly superior to the English in their views about thieving; but probably no "kaule" has a happy time today when the zeal for keeping people in order and inspecting their lives has become a commonplace of our expensive civilization.

V. R.

TROLLOPE: A COMMENTARY. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. Constable. 15s.

MR. SADLEIR'S biographical and critical commentary on Anthony Trollope is one of the best books of the kind that have appeared in our time. It places the man and his writings in their true perspective, and, based as it is largely upon family papers and illustrated by original documents, is likely to prove the definitive work on its subject. The appendix contains, amongst other interesting and useful matter, a classified list of Trollope's novels and a transcription from the manuscript of his projected "History of Fiction"; whilst sandwiched into the text are reproductions of the novelist's own sketch-map of "Barsetshire," besides two "reconstructions" by other hands.

To those who are prone, on a basis of contented ignorance, to disparage what they term "Victorianism," may be commended the admirable preliminary essay entitled, "The Voice of an Epoch," depicting Trollope's background, the England of the mid-nineteenth century, distinct from, though of course connected with, the early years of Victoria's reign and the period beginning with the eighties. Both here and later it is shown how faithful a mouthpiece Trollope was of his time, though he was by no means so uncritical a spectator of it as he is often represented. Several chapters follow dealing with the personality and career of Anthony's mother, whose "Domestic Manners of the Americans" anticipated Dickens's onslaught in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and whose "Petticoat Government" probably afforded suggestions for her son's Barchester series. From her he derived much of his exuberant vitality and generous humanity.

Coming to the central theme of the book, we find the author in discussing Trollope's self-portraiture differing with Mr. Saintsbury as to Charley Tudor ("The Three Clerks"), and regarding "Q's" theory of the rejection by Lily Dale of Johnny Eames as a "bounder" unacceptable. He insists strongly upon the modesty which made Trollope "guy" himself in his novels and disparage his literary ideals and achievements in the "Autobiography," so that many critics have been induced to take him at his own low valuation. But he also points out that the methodical system of composition about which we have heard so much was originally adopted as a sheer economy of time in a busy official life, and that (as with Scott) the mere writing had been preceded by a long period of meditative preparation which much reduced its significance. Though Ireland first gave Trollope health and self-confidence, English society was his real model, and the early Irish novels were a false dawn. The citations from Anthony's correspondence with his publishers show him as an author unusually reasonable in his response to requests for adaptation, but at the same time firm on questions of essential artistry, and always insistent that the labourer is worthy of his hire. His decline after the peak year of 1869 was due to a blend of

bad luck and want of judgment, but also to a real falling off in quality and a change in public taste. The late Mr. Seccombe's reminiscence of a circus clown making a patter of Trollope's titles is surely an unexampled testimony of popularity; but the reviewer has himself heard from a public librarian evidence of a revival of interest in this author almost as astonishing. On re-reading him the two chief merits which strike one are his unrivalled power of describing verbal combats (he always loved a fight), and the extraordinary and unexpected delicacy of his delineations of the feminine mind. These were the reflections of the irascible but essentially affectionate nature so well portrayed by Mr. Sadleir.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIR PATRICK MANSON. By PHILIP H. MANSON-BAHR AND A. ALCOCK. With 12 plates. Cassell. 16s.

DOCTORS in our experience, when they are not too much wrapped up in their business, are the most attractive of human creatures, and this excellent biography, apart from its scientific tributes to Manson's enduring work and influence on his special studies, reveals a delightful man of singularly broad accomplishments, a character of many bright facets. He was equal to all difficulties. His splendid work on tropical diseases was but slowly appreciated by medical authorities, though fortunately the forceful and far-seeing Chamberlain stood by him at the right moment. He overdid himself as a boy with results that lasted through his life. He was always hampered by gout, but nothing would prevent him from doing apt and kindly doctoring when it was needed. He spent some years as a doctor in China, and made money, but had to set to work unexpectedly on his return, owing to depreciation of the Chinese dollar. Such a man, however, could not fail to make his mark, and there was a room in his London house which was destined to become the nucleus of the future London School of Tropical Medicine. Often, he hardly went to bed at all, busy with the specimens he had obtained for the study of blood parasites. The world knows, or should know, the immense results of his long and patient researches. He was never the slave of a theory, and his open-mindedness was shown in the choice of young men to help him who have since distinguished themselves. With all his work as a specialist he found time to be a great lover of sport and a passionate reader of poetry. His addresses, as may be seen in the specimens given here, were always natural and effective, quite free from pose or pomposity, and he was always generous in his praise of others. It is a pleasure to follow his career, and to think that such a steadfast pioneer in the advance of medicine lived to be full of years and honours. His work was all of a piece, for the surgical skill which won the reluctant confidence of Chinese patients and a letter of thanks from Li Hung Chang led him

through the treatment of elephantiasis to the studies of *Filaria* which made him the "Father of Tropical Medicine." And all was achieved with a lack of the facilities and communications among specialists which are commonplace today. He made opportunities which others wait for. His beneficent life was better worth recording than that of a dozen publicists who claim the popular eye.

CHINA

CHINA IN TURMOIL. By LOUIS MAGRATH KING. Heath Cranton. 10s. 6d. net.

IN this interesting and ably written series of studies in personality, the reader is introduced to a number of Chinese officials, military chieftains, politicians and diplomats of the post-revolutionary period, with whom Mr. King came into contact, in his Consular capacity, at various times and places, from Peking to Chengtu and the Chinese frontier of Tibet. In presenting these studies, drawn from life, together with excellent descriptions of the scenes amidst which they moved, and of his own experiences in dealing with them, Mr. King's purpose is "to give a picture of modern China as she is." The picture, so far as it goes, is vivid and full of colour; the characters that he describes include all types (except the weak, which, as he rightly observes, "goes to the wall automatically in this environment of revolutionary stress"), and each stands out, clear-cut, against the background of treasons, stratagems and spoils in present-day China. But, as a whole, the book reminds one curiously of a very different work, namely, Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "Letters of John Chinaman." For, just as Mr. Dickinson drew a most impressive and idyllic picture of Chinese village life and Chinese civilization, overlooking only the dark menace of imminent hunger which is the dominant and ever-present factor of existence for the Chinese peasant, so Mr. King gives us these portraits of the "outstanding personalities whom the revolution and its aftermath have thrown to the surface"; but of the paramount motive which inspires the mandarin, ancient and modern, of his invariable and insatiable desire for personal and family enrichment at the cost of others, there is little or no mention in these pages. As a Consul, no doubt, Mr. King is diplomatically inclined; nevertheless, the fact remains that a picture of modern China is necessarily incomplete (or, shall we say? idealized) if it fails to take fully into account the all-prevailing nepotism and corruption of the official class.

CHINA AND THE NATIONS. By WONG CHING-WAI, Chairman of the Governing Committee of the Kuomintang. Martin Hopkinson. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. WONG CHING-WAI, as a devoted adherent and admirer of Sun Yat-sen, has always been a revolutionary of an impatient

type, addicted to violent methods. He first became conspicuous in Chinese politics in 1910, after his attempt to assassinate the Manchu Prince Regent. Amongst the Moderates and Intellectuals of the Kuomintang he has the reputation of being a keen politician, but a somewhat quarrelsome individual (he lately quarrelled with General Chiang Kai-shek). His present work, in which he expounds the foreign policy of the Kuomintang, and discharges a great deal of wrath-matter, is chiefly interesting because of the light it throws on the curious mentality which underlies Young China's political propaganda. Mr. John Nind Smith (apparently a humble disciple of Lenin) contributes an Introduction which, by sheer audacity of wild statements and bombastic rhetoric, supplies a fitting prelude to Mr. Wong's hysterical outbursts against "Imperialism."

J. O. P. BLAND

ADVENTURE

UNDER SAIL IN THE FROZEN SEAS. By COMMANDER F. A. WORSLEY. With a Preface by GRETTIR ALGARSSON, and illustrations. Stanley Paul. 18s.

THIS is the official story of the British Arctic Expedition of 1925, told in the breezy, free-and-easy style of a seaman who pays suitable tribute to his first-rate crew, the last that will face the vast forces of ice with a sailing ship. We can well believe that the brigantine *Island* deserved her excellent men. Though Mr. Algarsson could not realize his plans for travel by air, the party did, as the scientific notes at the end show, some valuable work in detail, and made substantial additions to the geography of Spitzbergen. The cinema man, who goes everywhere now, and risks everything to please the stay-at-home public, took some fine pictures of bears. These had to be killed for meat, and the accounts of their weight and powers of endurance are remarkable. They can swim fifty miles from one area of pack-ice to another, and slouch along at a good pace. They can whip fish out of the water with their paws, and the first he-bear shot by the party weighed at least 2,000 lb., which is more than the heaviest recorded grizzly. Esquimaux dogs are also remarkable for their powers of endurance. They can haul, the writer says, 100 lb. each at a good pace over rough ice for eight hours day after day. They are cruel fighters among themselves, but when once a team is made up, the leader keeps the rest in order.

Several close escapes from smashing ice are recorded. Seamanship of the highest order and quick decision were needed to evade such perils. Many inoffensive-looking floes would have battered the ship to pieces, and the strange effects of refraction often produced illusions. The whole venture proved a tribute to the admirable tenacity and good humour of the party. The illustrations are decidedly attractive.

A THREE-LEGGED TOUR IN GREECE. By ETHEL SMYTH, D.B.E., MUS.D. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THE adjective "three-legged" indicates the difficulties in progress when a great-aunt travels with a great-niece. It is a specimen of that vivid writing which we have learnt to expect from Dame Ethel Smyth. The tour was carried out with admirable vigour and independence, the estimates of agents were sensibly reduced, and routes were followed of which they disapproved. At Athens, which the travellers reached from Salonica, a most competent guide and arranger was secured, and misadventures were taken in a spirit of frolic welcome. The record is entertaining throughout, and keen in its views of other wanderers. It embodies no excessive admiration of classical monuments, but a very human sense of private judgment. The author longed to see, not the Parthenon, but Sunium, where Byron found the finest sea view. Though household comforts were a difficulty, the wild flowers were splendid. We find expert criticism of the music at a rural wedding, and general commendation of the people as "kind, courteous, and superlatively well-bred," though not quick in the uptake. Food and sleeping accommodation were often doubtful, but the book, as a whole, is a distinct encouragement to the enterprising traveller to go forth into the unknown and risk discomforts with a happy sense of humour. Among the illustrations is a charming sketch of the great-niece by Sargent, a birthday present which was antedated by him the day after his death.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, 1226–1926: ESSAYS IN COMMEMORATION. Edited by WALTER SETON. University of London Press. 16s. net.

THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE TO ASSISI. By MARY LOVETT CAMERON. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

THE COMING OF THE FRIARS MINOR TO ENGLAND AND GERMANY. Translated by E. G. SALTER. Dent. 5s. net.

IT may be true, as Professor Sabatier says in his preface to these Commemoration Essays, that the Franciscan spirit is better understood in England than anywhere else. There is certainly a large public for everything that is written about the saint and his followers, united, far beyond the limits of any one creed or sect, in an understanding admiration of his teaching and his life. And this interest, this affinity of spirit, is not new; it dates back from the very first days of St. Francis's mission. An English artist, brother William, called second in the Order, was one of the companions of St. Francis, and a few years later the English Franciscans were specially praised by the Minister General of the Order as an example to all others. The story of their early years in England is full of interest, and that of the first years of the German mission is an admirable contrast to it

—their reception in the two countries differing as much as the characters of medieval England and Germany. Miss Salter has given us a good translation and useful notes. The pilgrimage to Assisi is no new thing, but it is yearly growing in volume, and those who wish to see anything of the old life of the little city must make it soon, before the last traces of it are swept away by the spirit of the New Italy. Miss Cameron's book will be from now on indispensable to anyone visiting Assisi for the first time, and even those who know it fairly well may learn much from her. This being so, it is rather remarkable that she has omitted to emphasize some things which would specially interest English visitors; for example, the tomb of William of England, who appears as Guliermus with no other note, and the fine incised tombstone of Hugh of Hartlepool. The legend of William's posthumous miracles, and their cessation on the order of the Minister General would also, we think, not have been out of place in a book intended for English readers. It was a good idea to add to her account Mr. Howell's version of the life of St. Francis written two years after the saint's death. The Commemoration Essays are important additions to Franciscan literature and criticism. Mr. Goad strikes a rarely-heard note in his eulogy of St. Bonaventure's life; Prof. Edmund Gardner brings out very clearly the reaction of Dante to St. Francis, and has a good essay on the "Fioretti"; and Mrs. Strong writes on St. Francis in Rome and on his friend, the noble lady Jacoba; and other papers by Prof. Little, Prof. Burkitt, and the editor may be specially noted. These books keep up the high standard of English Franciscan literature. R. S.

FICTION

CUT FLOWERS. By OLIVER ONIONS. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

THE "conspiracy of silence" concerning the war, which began with the return of survivors and was powerful in fiction as well as in life, has dissolved sooner in books than in conversation. Many recent novels have dealt with the war itself or its immediate sequels, and one of the latest is "Cut Flowers," which does for women ambulance-drivers, dispatch-riders, "Waacs," "Wrens," and "Raffs" very much what its author's earlier book, "Peace in Our Time," did for their militant brothers.

Here we are in 1919, when thousands of demobilized girls were trying to find work in a land where the glamour of their services was rapidly fading out. The book stands out among its contemporaries and, indeed, among most older novels, by reason of its appreciation of the temperaments of young women. Many novelists of today, women as well as men, write as if the difference between the sexes was little more than one of physical accident. In Averil Hay (afterwards Lady East), who may be

called the heroine; in vulgar little Barbara Allcroft, and in the several girls who complete the scale between those two, the various manners in which women re-act to the society of men are differentiated with notable understanding. This quality of the book is nowhere more effectively shown than in the account of Averil's loss of illusion as to the nature of Moxon's affection. Her sorrow on this occasion goes far to make us accept as possible the "psychological" impulse through which, long before, in the midst of an air raid, she had suddenly appeared as a nude model for Moxon, when he was working on her statuette as a war girl in uniform, an incident which has its later uses in the composition of the novel. Supper parties at the art gallery where Moxon's statuettes are exhibited, and at the club for demobilized girls, which Averil starts, provide exhibitions of conversation and manners which the author turns to admirable account.

The tragic episode of Vera, a strongly-drawn type of woman, almost peculiar to great cities, the beautiful episode of Joan, faithful to a lost lover, and, in a less degree, the pathetic disappointment of the elderly widower who marries Averil, are things worthy of special remark in a novel of distinction.

THE SECRET FOOL. By VICTOR MACCLURE. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

THIS book is a great advance on the author's previous work. The "Secret Fool" is a man who has come out of various trades into writing, and his character is a notable study. Something of a Galahad with curious reserves and timidities, he seeks an enduring satisfaction with women he has hitherto failed to find. He is a strange mixture—partly an essential gentleman, partly a self-centred creature capable of incredible manœuvres to gain his end. Indeed, we can hardly understand how he persuaded himself to indulge in the arrangement which ultimately brought him happiness. This affair, too, in detail seems to us incredible.

The play of thought and the small talk of contemporary Bohemian circles are both well done, and the book rises to real achievement in following out the relations of two oddly-placed characters. We see their declared and evident enmity subtly resolved into a common understanding. The author has still something to learn in the technique of words, but his story makes a real impression—not least in a heroine who is decidedly modern, though not pert, and charming, though full of good sense.

THE HURCOTTS. By MURIEL HINE. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

ONE is always sure of good workmanship in Miss Hine's novels, delicate touches of description and characterization, an Ariadne thread through the complexities of relationship, and honest approximation to reality in her romance. All these high qualities are present in this story of a family in that stratum which lies between "County" and "Trade." Drink was their

weakness, somewhat counteracted by Calvinistic forbears on the distaff side. The "Ugly Duckling" motive comes in, but is not too much forced, although the less beautiful daughter "Abbie" is the real heroine. There is also the familiar "Adventuress" note, which is lightly touched in the designing secretary with gypsy blood in her veins. The unregenerate may wish that Abbie had been a bit more of a swan, and Barbara more completely a vamp, but Miss Hine has kept a judicious balance between a serious family history and a romance of sensation, and should please a wide circle of readers.

A SECRET OF THE MARSH. By OLIVER WARNER. Chatto and Windus. 7s.

As a first novel, this is a remarkable performance. Mr. Warner is already a stylist, a master of the compelling atmosphere of the East Anglian marsh round which the story centres. Frogs Abbey, the old house with memories of hate and sinister figures clinging to it, can be seen from the little market town nearby, but the way to it is uncertain and dangerous and only traversed by the grim and taciturn fowler who sells his fish for a bare living on the old quay. The teller of the story is a doctor brave enough to penetrate to the house. Gradually he gathers its secret from the very old lady bedridden there. Her language now and again seems a little beyond her education, but she is well conceived, and the whole attitude of the little town towards the abbey, as shown by various characters, is lifelike. Mr. Warner knows his ground, and makes a good deal of his mystery, which is in itself not particularly ingenious.

MURDER IN THE MAZE. By J. J. CONNINGTON. Benn. 7s. 6d.

WE congratulate Mr. Connington on his latest detective story, which is less elaborate than its predecessors. The scene of the murderer's operations, a maze like that at Hampton Court, and his weapons both have a welcome spice of originality. The story opens with the simultaneous murder of two brothers, both of whom are from their business open to attack, and later other attempts are made to kill. We do not think that the secret of the criminal can long evade the expert; but the usual false clues are skilfully suggested, and the reading public may well be surprised and amused to the end. The chief constable who tackles the succession of problems takes considerable risks, as is the way of his kind in fiction, and is assisted by a squire who plays Watson to his Sherlock, but is allowed some real gleams of useful deduction from the facts.

GENERAL

SOVIET VERSUS CIVILIZATION. By AUGUR. Thornton Butterworth. 1s. 6d.

THIS little paper book offers a clear and effective exposure of Bolshevik aims and extensions, now plainly seen at work in

China. Russia has always had an Oriental side, and now it is "a strange land, which has renounced allegiance to the ideals of the White Race." The Powers of Europe, which have been unified or, at least, brought closer by the war, are hated by the foreigners who rule at the Kremlin. Germany was forced to leave her hand in the grasp of Moscow by a want of understanding of her position. This country possesses intellectuals who "like their politics 'high,' and are attracted by the odour of decay which emanates from unbalanced minds." It also possesses Mr. Lloyd George, whose attitude towards the politically sterile haters of Europe has been singularly unfortunate, whether due to an inferiority complex, or insufficient appreciation of the facts. In 1920, when the Red army was overrunning Poland, this country suggested a degrading peace because the position was hopeless.

Borodin slunk into this country as Brown, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and has changed his nationality several times. In 1922 he was in touch with Mr. Cook, and the book is clear on the Communist energies of the trade unions. Last year's general strike did not come off, but it was only a rehearsal. The Bolsheviks attack all the time, and accuse us of attacking them. That we have never done, but the time has come at least for solid defence on the part of Europe. The instinct of self-preservation alone should demand it.

THE SIR WALTER SCOTT QUARTERLY. Edited by W. FORBES GRAY. No. 1. Pillans and Wilson, Edinburgh. 2s.

WE notice with pleasure the appearance of this "Quarterly." The wonder is that it was not thought of before. Scott is peculiarly fitted for such commemoration, not only because of his encyclopædic range of interest (in which he resembles that other W. S. whom he knew so well) but on account of a great and gallant personality such as few men of letters can boast. Indeed, his writings were only a part of his big achievement in life. In this issue Mr. John Geddie writes on "The Renascence of Scott," which means the wider appreciation, since he has never lacked the applause of readers worth having. Sir George Douglas does good work in calling attention to some of Scott's short stories which are little known, but might have mentioned the late Prof. Verrall's just and admirable tribute to "Wandering Willie's Tale." Other contributors discourse on Scott's religion and Jacobitism. The "Random Notes" is a section of great possibilities. Here or elsewhere the "Quarterly" might well include some of the many tributes to the power and charm of the Waverley Novels, e.g. by Mark Rutherford and Thackeray.

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The Bank of England and European Reconstruction
By the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

In this article Mr. Snowden states that the Bank of England is perhaps the greatest moral authority in the world, and that it has done more to rebuild Europe than any Government or League of Nations.

Mr. Winston Churchill—A Character Sketch
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